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IF nations at Christmas time should take stock of their best gifts, America would thank whatever gods she worships for the courage of her political prisoners. In the stifling air of diplomatic bargaining and the compromises of everyday life the faith of men who chose prison rather than betray the right "to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience" stirs like a cleansing wind. Let Americans read Mr. Doran's letter (published in our correspondence columns) and rejoice that 147 men in Federal penitentiaries and scores of others in State prisons have resisted the weight of oppression and the lure of qualified freedom in order to hold fast those things which they have believed. But let no American rejoice that five of those prisoners have been kept for months in solitary confinement and that all of them are treated as society treats her common felons and ought to treat no living soul. It is rumored that Debs will shortly be released. No such belated and partial amnesty can take the stain from America's honor. A Christmas which finds the least of the political prisoners still in jail is not a Christmas when the most optimistic can believe that mankind has found the road to peace.

MR. HUGHES'S naval ratio need take no account of the needs or desires of oppressed peoples. The conscripted blacks of French Senegambia, the Haitian and Dominican victims of American atrocities, the Korean patriots, the vast populations of India—these peoples do not threaten the balance of power between their masters with competitive building of battleships. Nevertheless, the desire for world peace which ignores them is as lacking in intelligence as it is in idealism. These reflections acquire point from Gandhi's recent declaration in India:

> Lord Reading must understand that the Non-Cooperators are at war with the Government. We are challenging the Government's might, because its activities are evil. We want to overthrow the Government and compel its submission to the people's will. Free life is impossible under the present Government. We will have to stagger humanity even as South Africa and Ireland did—with this exception, that we will rather spill our own blood and not that of our opponents.

The declaration against the use of violence comes from a man who has seen his own son and many of his most distinguished comrades imprisoned. But in the face of wholesale repression the Non-Cooperation Movement is still strong in its adherence to non-violence. The empty streets which greeted the Prince of Wales in Allahabad were more effective than riots. Whether humanity is capable of the effective resistance Gandhi plans is yet to be proved, but the effort he has already made is more significant for world peace than all the jockeying of the diplomats at Washington.

SIX *trillion* rubles—that is the current value in Russian paper money of the congressional appropriation of $20,000,000 for purchase of grain for relief in Russia; at least it was a few days ago—today it may be less or more. It sounds stupendous; wisely distributed—we hope that Mr. Hoover will allocate part of it to the Quakers, and to the Near East Relief for its work in the soviet republics of the Caucasus—it will go far to tide the Volga Valley sufferers over the hungry winter. But estimates of the need call for at least $50,000,000—and the other funds available make up very little of the deficit. There is still bitter need for individual giving. Cynics may say that the appropriation passed Congress chiefly because it meant $20,000,000 worth of relief to the farmers of the Middle West who cannot market their crops; that is true, but we can only rejoice that a work of charity relieves twice, here and again in Russia. Moreover, the fact that the Middle West is beginning to discover how closely its prosperity is intertwined with Europe is a hopeful augury at a time when the powers that be seem so set on discouraging belief in international cooperation. International bankers who know their business tell us that the world will not recover from its present depression without some sort of international economic conference but that European and Wall Street bankers are so distrusted that the initiative must come from the Middle West. Perhaps Russian relief may be the first step toward that kind of critical cooperation which might be the Middle West's indispensable contribution to such a conference.

AGRICULTURAL distress is producing the usual symptoms at Washington. The Senate and House Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry, after months of hearings, has submitted the first section of its report, embodying

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innocuous recommendations on cooperation, credit, marketing, and statistical work, and demanding lower freight rates. Quite different in temper were the discussions of the monetary conference which recently assembled in Washington at the call of Senator Ladd of North Dakota. The conference, containing many veterans of earlier fiscal wars, was fiercely critical of the Federal Reserve Board. Senator Ladd, in his address before the conference, printed in full in the *Congressional Record* of December 15, estimated the losses of the farmers during the past three years at the staggering figure of $38,000,000,000; and these losses he charged directly to the inflation and subsequent deflation policy of the Board. He has therefore introduced a bill (S. 2604) taking away from the banks all power of issuing money, and vesting that power in the Secretary of the Treasury, who is to regulate the volume of money issued in accordance with the price level of necessities. Senator Ladd's flat proposal to cut loose from the gold standard has at least the merit of facing existing facts, however unsound it may be from the standpoint of orthodox economic opinion; and one need not accept his monetary scheme at all in order to recognize the service he performs in calling attention to one of the underlying causes of the farmer's present plight. A wise statesmanship will give something more than pious recommendations to an agriculture suffering from fundamental ills in respect to credit, marketing, and land policy.

COALITION government in Great Britain is guilty of many faults, but it has undoubtedly made it easier for Lloyd George to carry through his Irish negotiations and to win from Parliament an overwhelming indorsement of the Anglo-Irish treaty. How great were the concessions embodied in the treaty was made apparent by Lord Carson's bitter denunciation. In spite of Carson, of the die-hards, and of the recurrence of disorder in Belfast, there are signs that northeast Ulster will yield to the inevitable. Even if she votes herself out, economic advantages will soon bring her back to the Ireland to which she belongs. Irish opposition to the treaty was to be expected in a body elected to assert absolute independence. It has been dignified in expression and its existence is a wholesome factor for the future of Irish politics. Nevertheless, we earnestly hope that the treaty will be ratified by the Dail. It does not give everything for which Ireland fought. But beyond the great fact that its acceptance will bring immediate peace there are three definite facts to be considered: (1) Such military and naval concessions as the treaty contains probably would be extorted by Great Britain in time of crisis even if Ireland were completely independent; (2) it will be easier to win Irish unity under the treaty than if Ireland were completely independent; (3) an independent Irish Republic might be isolated to a degree that the Irish Free State is not. Canada, Australia, and South Africa contain millions of Irishmen. Let the Irish Free State join with them in opposing in India and in Egypt the imperialism from which she herself has so recently suffered. With their aid she will have a corrective influence upon imperial politics which would be denied her as a small independent state. Finally, Ireland might do well to observe that the experience of Canada shows that acceptance of a Dominion status does not "put bounds to the forward march of a nation." Canadian precedent refutes Irish fear of the power of the Governor General. No foreign communication can pass through his hands which has not first been through the Canadian state department.

DIPLOMATS are not the only people who profess to accept in principle what they flout in practice. The Railway Labor Board has recently given an excellent illustration of that amiable pastime by ruling that "eight consecutive hours shall constitute a day's work" for maintenance-of-way men, but they shall not receive pay at the rate of "time and a half for overtime" until after ten hours' work. Of course the basic eight-hour day is almost meaningless unless extensions of it are penalized by extra pay. The eight-hour day was originally fixed by a national agreement during Federal operation of the railroads. It brought treatment of the maintenance-of-way men in line with that which the transportation workers obtained by the Adamson law. The New York *Globe* points the moral when it says: "Labor is allowed to keep little it has not force to defend."

SO far as the railroads are concerned it is evident that what is sauce for the workers' goose is by no means sauce for the bosses' gander. When the workers threatened a strike, the Railway Labor Board lost no time in denouncing them and calling on public opinion to make that denunciation effective. But when it was suspected that at last, after months of defiance of its order, the Board was about to issue a formal statement denouncing the Pennsylvania Railroad, that corporation's attorneys promptly obtained a temporary injunction from Judge Landis in Chicago forbidding the publication of the statement on the ground that it would hurt the road in public opinion! In their application the attorneys also challenged the legal right of the Board to regulate the manner of collective bargaining. But while Judge Landis was thus obliging a great corporation, judges of the Federal Circuit Court in the same city were condemning some of the most drastic features of Judge A. B. Anderson's injunction against the coal miners—to which *The Nation* has previously called attention—and sending it back for modification. State courts also were playing a mixed part in the fight for freedom. New York's highest court was upholding a city ordinance in Mt. Vernon which if sustained by the United States Supreme Court will enable any reactionary mayor to nullify the guaranties of free speech and free assemblage—unless the unpopular group has the money to hire a hall and the luck to find one. California's Supreme Court was upholding a criminal syndicalism law which makes it a crime even to belong to such an organization as the I. W. W. In New Mexico, however, the Supreme Court found the language of the State sedition act so extreme as to make it unconstitutional. Our joy would be greater were it not evident that another form of words might escape the court's condemnation and be equally opposed to the spirit of freedom.

FIRST Hylan in New York; then Curley in Boston. Why this reversion to the primitive ward politician on the part of two great Eastern cities in electing their mayors? Curley, like Hylan, had held the office before, and in common with him had proved a tragedy as an administrator, a farce as a city head. Nominally, Boston chooses its mayor without regard to political affiliations, on a non-party ticket. Practically, Curley had the support of the local Democratic machine while John R. Murphy, his principal rival, had the indorsement of the Good Government Association. District Attorney Pelletier, against whom charges are pending, withdrew before the election and thus threw important strength to Curley. Murphy had made an excellent record as fire

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commissioner, and in every way was better fitted to be mayor than Curley. Yet Curley, opposed by every daily newspaper in Boston except one, was elected. The result in New York and Boston is evidence that the appeal of "good government," of superficial reform, has lost its potency. The movement in this direction was in a large measure the result of Theodore Roosevelt's political evangelism and for twenty years it has been the goal of the "better element" in our cities. The progressives now demand something more radical than "good government," while the fear that the masses have always had that "reform" or "business" administration means a curtailment of their liberties has been intensified in our Eastern cities by prohibition, with its ample loopholes for the rich and its close mesh for the poor. Hylan and Curley are proof, on the one hand, of the survival of popular rule and, on the other, of its impotence when devoid of adequate leadership and based on an archaic system of representation. The hope of the future lies in labor initiative and representation based on industry instead of the obsolete geographic unit.

WHAT wise folks have been discussing for a long time the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has done. The engineers have begun to use their own money so as to be masters of credit and not servants of the lords of credit. Their cooperative bank in Cleveland, Ohio, has recently ended a successful first year. It has paid-up stock of $1,000,000, of which 51 per cent was subscribed officially by the Brotherhood and 49 per cent by various individual members. Profits on stock are limited to a maximum of 10 per cent. Net earnings over this amount are paid as an extra dividend to depositors in its savings fund account in addition to the regular 4 per cent interest on savings. In its first year the bank acquired resources of $10,000,000. Besides increasing its surplus, it was able to pay a special depositors' dividend of one per cent. The bank is growing in popularity as a depository for trade-union funds as well as for the savings of individuals. It has tended to keep up the rate of interest paid to depositors by other Cleveland savings banks and has introduced the pleasant innovation of computing interest from the date of deposit to the date of withdrawal instead of from fixed dates arbitrarily set by the bank. May its success continue and prove contagious!

WE have heard much from time to time of the lack of a free press in Russia, and we have believed some of it, but from an account we have just read by a correspondent of the United Press in Moscow we learn that the press in Russia is as free as air. You can't even pay for it. The Government owns seven hundred papers—all free. If by any chance you manage to dodge the various *Iszvestias* and *Pravdas* which are passed out to you at your lodging or on a street corner, you are even yet not safe, for the news of the day is posted on prominent bulletin boards in every city. Nor will a state of comfortable illiteracy protect you. Town criers read the news bulletins aloud in the villages and, more appalling still, gigantic amplifying horns in the public squares of Moscow roar out the editorial sentiments of the Government. The article fails to state whether the exploits of Mutt and Jeff and of the Toonerville Trolley are displayed on street signs. We hope so. News is all right and the Government's editorials doubtless tell almost the whole truth about the nefarious schemes of the capitalist Powers, but news is not news without some nonsense.

SO "Windy" Linde, he of the waving black hair and the gold-headed cane, who once tried to borrow money of and claim friendship with every radical in New York, has joined forces with Dr. Paul B. Altendorf, he of the fabulous German-Mexican army that was to invade these United States, and with William J. Burns, the super-Sherlock Holmes of the Woolworth Building and Washington, to solve the Wall Street mystery. It was a gr-r-rand story while it lasted—the stool-pigeon with the gold-headed cane and the German spy-hero secretly concocting a 10,000 word code confession in Warsaw, far from the newspaper reporters who sometimes ask embarrassing questions, the story released in brass-band style, giving ample time for all concerned to disappear—thus releasing the New York police from the necessity of making any arrests to back up the story, and Burns ruining his week-end waiting for the details, but sure, with all the details missing, that the mystery was solved. Why not—with the scenario that Linde had implicated 300 radicals, had acted on "Moscow's orders," and that $30,000 had been paid for the crime? But somehow even the New York *Times* grew suspicious on the second day of suspense, and the *World* was openly skeptical from the start.

VISCOUNT MORLEY, moving the address in the House of Lords on the occasion of the King's recent speech concerning Ireland, had first to take the oath because he has sat so little with the Lords since his elevation to the peerage; his seat, indeed, has scarcely known him since 1914, when he resigned from the Cabinet as a protest against the international bungling to which he would not be a party. His reappearance meant something more than the return of an 83-year-old veteran to English public life. With John Morley comes back that type of character which is the great glory of England—next to the poetry which is her greater glory. English stubbornness has had more praise than it deserves; English intelligence, a rarer quality in the islands, has had less. Yet a powerful strain of intelligence comes down from Bacon, through Herbert of Cherbury, Locke, Hume, Bentham, Matthew Arnold, Mill, Leslie Stephen, to be continued in Shaw and Morley through the incredible madness of the war. Like almost all these men Morley has learned something from the world outside of England: he rendered one of his most important services by his books on Diderot, Voltaire, and Rousseau. He wrote and acted, however, on more native matters with the freedom of intelligence which Englishmen ordinarily have to learn in France or go without.

THE winning of this year's Prix Goncourt by a Negro is a literary event of remarkable interest. Had the book of M. René Marin been crowned by the Académie Française one might suspect it of being a piece of harmless, correct, and conventional work. Its selection by the Académie Goncourt makes it fairly certain that M. Marin is, in the more exacting French sense, a subtle and superior artist. Preliminary reports describe his novel "Batouala" as an unvarnished account of African orgies and rites and superstitions. M. Marin has, however, guarded against the possible imputation of maligning his people by a strong negrophile introduction in which he denounces the atrocities and wrongs of colonial administrations in Africa. This fact is more remarkable as M. Marin is a native of Martinique in the French West Indies, and is a French civil servant stationed at Lake Chad in the heart of the French Sudan.

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The Conference Nears the Rocks

IT was with pride and complete satisfaction that Secretary Hughes announced to the waiting and eager Washington correspondents the compromise on his restriction program which the Japanese have so skilfully and determinedly forced. There was no doubt that to him and his associates it appears the greatest step since the armistice and one of the greatest ever taken toward peace and goodwill among the nations. Yet among the waiting presswriters it created no such enthusiasm. The English correspondents notably were aghast that their country was to be compelled to expend about $125,000,000 to build two new ships solely in order that Japan's pride in her Mutzu might be gratified, and they could not help recalling that spokesmen for the Americans had repeatedly assured them since this Conference began that the way to stop building is to stop and the way to end a race fairly is to halt in your tracks. But whether it is because of Shantung, or Manchuria, or the Four-Power Treaty, or merely because of the superior skill and determination of the Japanese delegates, Japan has won a tremendous victory at the expense of our delegates who were at first determined that there should be no yielding of an inch, much less of a battleship. *We* were not going to fall into bargaining after the manner of Versailles!

But now Japan has obtained her battleship, so that she has two "post-Jutland" dreadnoughts to match our three while for the moment England has none. Next Japan has won her fight for the ending of the dangerous rivalry in Pacific fortifications and we are to be spared the folly and the cost of further fortifying the Philippines and of making a great naval base at Guam. If Admiral Kato is not thrice decorated for this, then the Regent does not know how to appreciate service to one's country. But far more than that is the discovery that the loosely drawn Four-Power Treaty may easily be interpreted to include the main Japanese islands. True, this is vehemently denied by spokesmen for our Government. It is not, they say, their understanding of the meaning of the words of the treaty. Alas, when treaties are put to a test it is always the habit of statesmen to interpret them as they wish to and not necessarily as anyone may think the framers intended the documents to read. As for the press observers here, they are openly saying that the guaranty of aid which we refuse to give to France as protection against Germany only we are now giving to Japan as against all the world. They are not affected by the official declaration that the proposed treaty with France binds us to use force to protect her against Germany while the Four-Power Treaty is not specific as to what methods the four Powers shall use when they get together to decide what to do in the event of an attack, or the threat of an attack, by another Power. Even granting the position of our Government that this comparison is "beside the mark," there can be no question that, until the Four-Power Treaty is amended so as specifically not to bind the United States to the necessity of hostile measures, Japan is guaranteed American aid by the Four-Power Treaty in case of war with Russia or with a future reconstructed and armed China. Japan retains at worst most of the advantages of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance plus the support of France and the United States.

Perhaps another reason why there was no enthusiasm for the compromise in favor of Japan was the announcement that even this naval ratio agreement depends upon fixing a proper proportion for the naval strength of France and Italy. The press speedily found out and printed the amazing fact that France is actually asking for a battleship strength of 350,000 tons which would give her a "post-Jutland" super-dreadnought fleet of no less than ten modern ships to England's two. The English in Washington regard it as a direct slap at their country, a grave challenge and a most serious menace to their peace. It is bad enough, they say, that France should insist on her huge standing army; it is much worse that she should ask for a super-battleship squadron five times the size of Great Britain's. The fact that the demand is probably merely a basis for bargaining leaves it no less another great mistake in tactics. Whatever the bargain sought, it cannot offset the additional heat it brings to the already existing antagonism between the two great allies—proof of which is the fact that the official spokesman for England has let it be known that the English will walk out of the Conference rather than submit, and the news which leaked out that at the first session of the committee to discuss the French ratio Mr. Balfour made use of language so forceful and vigorous as to amaze. Mr. Balfour has been very long on compliments and flattery for the French orators ever since he got to Washington. It is plain now that a new style of speech has arrived.

As for the United States, if Mr. Hughes and his colleagues consent to any such plan they will have to admit that it whittles down their great saving in battleship tonnage by at least 175,000 tons. If they permit any such proposal to go through in addition to the large submarine tonnage asked by the French, they will thoroughly misrepresent the wishes and desires of the American people. The citizens of the United States will not even consider forgiving France any of her debts or the interest thereon if she is going to waste $600,000,000 on new capital ships—each new super-dreadnought costs in England today $56,000,000. With what face can France accept from England all the money that is so generously being poured into the "adopted" towns and cities in the devastated districts for reconstruction purposes if she can afford such funds for naval construction? She does not need to beg or to receive alms if she has such stupendous sums to waste on ships that will certainly be obsolete within a few years if the bombing plane and the submarine are developed any further. Adoption of the French naval program, so far from making for the peace of the world, would insure the same kind of naval hostilities between France and England that existed before the war between Germany and England. One has only to recall how, not long before the war, Lord Fisher, then First Lord of the Admiralty, asked the British Government's permission to sink the German fleet at anchor in Kiel harbor without even the preface of a declaration of war to sense what would be the attitude of British navalists toward any attempt to build up a great French fleet. It is no wonder that the cable reports that the news of the French demands for the best fleet in the world by 1935 "seemed so sensational that it was not credited when it first arrived in London." Certainly the British would have reason to consider that the new French fleet was aimed at them alone.

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For whom else could it be intended? The Italians, too, were outraged by the proposal. Her delegates are willing to go far toward real disarmament. What, they ask, does this French move mean? The making of a French lake out of the Mediterranean?

That the French demand will enormously increase the hostility to the Four-Power Treaty in Congress goes without saying, and so will Admiral Kato's diplomatic successes. That honest men can so differ as to what the "clear and plain language" of the covenant means shows the absolute necessity of subjecting it to microscopic examination. Indeed, if such shabby bargaining and squabbling goes on in Washington much longer the American people will turn away from the whole business with the same sickening disappointment with which they read of the final disaster at Paris. They will be more than ever "fed up" with foreign diplomats and their ways and will be more than ever likely to insist upon our letting Europe go hang while we go our own sweet way, which is wise enough so far as political entanglements are concerned, but may have disastrous results when the time comes for the United States to cooperate economically abroad—as some day soon she must if Europe is to be saved from complete economic collapse. Already Senators like Mr. Reed and Mr. Borah and Mr. La Follette who have come out against the treaty are feeling the turn of public opinion toward them.

The Conference faces the acid test. It is bad enough that its general atmosphere has become more and more like Versailles in the prevalence of fear, suspicion, jealousy, and bargaining. What is worse is that the public is beginning to question whether the delegates even came together honestly with earnest and humane purpose and with a real desire genuinely to decrease armaments. If the Conference breaks up, or if the French succeed in getting even five of the ten ships they ask, the disillusionment the world over will be of serious import, for it will make men in multitudes realize that there is no hope for the world as long as its present rulers continue to dominate and to misrepresent the desires of their people. Mr. Henry W. Nevinson is right in saying that even the Japanese compromise, quite aside from the French demands, "proves that the delegates, especially the Japanese, do not really contemplate peace, but work for reduced and more highly efficient instruments of war."

Meanwhile anxiety increases as to what this compromising Conference will do, or permit to be done, to China. Fortunately, at this writing the negotiations between China and Japan are progressing better than seemed possible two weeks ago. At least it now appears as if the Chinese might get the whole of Shantung back upon satisfactory terms. This again makes one regret that the Japanese manner of doing things so often makes against their interest. The opportunity which they lost at the beginning to achieve a moral leadership of the Conference second only to that of the Americans has already been pointed out in these columns. If they came with their minds made up to yield on Shantung it is a great pity from their own point of view that they did not announce it with a splendid gesture and the appearance of free and generous renunciation, and thus win the thorough good-will of everybody in Washington, especially the Chinese. It is obvious that Mr. K. K. Kawakami is correct when he says "Japan has lost a golden opportunity to assume leadership in the adjustment of Far Eastern affairs. However sympathetic to her we may be, we cannot but feel that Japanese statesmanship is sadly deficient in vision and foresightedness." It is his belief that Japan should have stated her program in unequivocal terms at the outset of the Conference. Instead, we have even seen the Japanese delegates asking for time to study the twenty-one Japanese points when the Chinese delegates brought them up, just as if they were something new about which they had to be informed! As it is, the fate of the Pacific Joint Conference hangs in a peculiar degree upon the outcome of the struggle between the Japanese and the Chinese; Manchuria may be the deciding point. A recognition of this fact is keeping many of the Senators from reaching a final decision as to their attitude toward the Four-Power Treaty. They want to know how the Conference is going to treat China because they believe that the Pacific islands treaty must be read in the light of what the Powers decide shall be done for the Chinese Republic. If that decision is imperialistic, if the agreement to be arrived at legalizes and sanctifies the Japanese position in China and notably in Manchuria, the belief will be that the spirit behind the Four-Power Treaty is much more imperialistic than now appears. At any rate, each day's delay in ratifying the treaty will make clearer than ever that the United States does not wish to guarantee Japan in any situation in China which it has achieved by force or compulsion.

Finally, the Richmond *News Leader* concludes an editorial on the Conference by the frank question: "Are we fooling ourselves about a limitation of armaments? Are the diplomats merely laying aside outworn weapons for new ones? Is the whole Conference a ghastly joke? God forbid!" The Conference cannot be merely a ghastly joke because of the enormous educational value it has had, because of the revelation of themselves and their methods which the diplomats have given before the onlooking world. But one of the saddest and most discouraging things about it all remains that with the English rightly demanding the total abolition of the submarine our American delegates are not only not helping but are throwing their influence against the proposal. It is easy to sneer and to say that England has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the outlawing of the submarine. That may be true if the world will persist in the madness of war, but the whole of a rational world has nothing to lose and everything to gain, not only by the disappearance of the submarine but the prohibition of bombing airplanes and poisonous gases which menace our whole civilization. American public opinion is overwhelmingly behind the proposal to do away with these foul instruments of warfare. The self-satisfied and happy Mr. Hughes cannot seem to find a moment to listen to the rising tide of public demand that the United States shall lead in abolishing them. It looks as if the Conference would be nothing more than the merest beginning of disarmament. Again the question arises: Is revolution the only hope?

Washington, Dec. 17 OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

[Since this article was written has come the welcome news that Premier Briand has assured Ambassador Harvey in London that France will accept Mr. Hughes's suggested ratio of 1.70, as against 5 for the United States and Great Britain, 3 for Japan and 1.68 for Italy. But the dispatches are quite clear that this amiable retraction of the French demand is not born of love of peace. France apparently expects something from England—some advantage in negotiations on German reparations, or more probably consent to her demand for more submarines. The effect upon the Conference remains unfortunate.]

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Damaged Panaceas

UPTON SINCLAIR could make his "Jungle" so vivid a picture of the stockyards as to move the American public to protect itself, but all the agitation which resulted in a pure-food law did little enough for stockyard workers. For them the civilizer was the labor union. With the organization of the men things began to change for the better. From December 24, 1917, until September 15, 1921, all controversies in the packing industry were settled under an arbitration agreement which the "Big Five" packers and the union made with the United States Government, Judge Samuel Alschuler being the impartial arbitrator. Under this arrangement, stockyard employees gained something like a living wage and new self-respect—and all this without strikes or violence of any kind. Then the packers, as part of an open-shop campaign, denounced the arbitration agreement and established employees' representation on the basis of company rather than national unions. A letter from Swift and Company to *The Nation* declares:

> We also believe that we can do our employees more constructive good by dealing with them direct than by dealing with a group of labor officials who are only too prone to stir up dissatisfaction and ill-feeling and who do not give fair expression to our workers.

The new system was heralded as idyllic; hard-working press agents for the packers announced that the workers' representatives actually agreed to a wage cut which the companies demanded! Then came the crash. The labor union called a strike. Ninety per cent of the stockyard workers in America walked out and they walked out in so angry a mood that in Chicago, at least, the strike has been attended by serious riots. What has become of the company union as a panacea? The question gains force when one considers another strike—that of the employees of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Here also existed a scheme of employee representation inaugurated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Here also the employees were supposed to have accepted a wage cut, yet when that wage cut was put into effect the national labor union called a strike which was promptly effective. Thus far that strike has not been attended by violence, partly, perhaps, because the company has nothing to gain in these hard times by undertaking the expense of importing strike-breakers and making a vigorous fight against the union. But the strike though peaceful is none the less proof of the breakdown of the Rockefeller plan at a decisive point.

We do not record these dramatic evidences of the failure of company unions to preserve industrial peace because we are opposed to "employee representation." When honestly carried out any small beginning at self-government in industry is to be applauded, but in great industries, such as coal mines or meat packing, it is absurd to think that employee representation which ignores organized national labor unions can be satisfactory to the workers. The familiar argument of employers that they want to deal only with their own men is not at all convincing. It could be paralleled if the men should retort: "We want, then, to deal only with our own employers without the intervention of hired lawyers, bankers, and business associates." The employers would reply that the request was preposterous. It is even more preposterous to argue that the employees who hold their jobs at the mercy of the bosses can argue effectively with those bosses without any outside aid from the ranks of their fellow-workers. In England and Germany plans for industrial democracy presuppose the existence both of employees' associations and of national unions. There is nothing in the air of America to make any other plan successful here. No scheme of employee representation, whether honestly intended or designed merely to frustrate labor unions, can be put on a sure basis which does not frankly take into account the rightful existence and power of national unions. Company unions which ignore national organizations invite trouble.

Nor are company unions the only device of the employing class whose futility has been emphasized by recent strikes. There is the Kansas Industrial Court. Only the other day the newspapers reported Governor Allen as telling a Brooklyn audience that his pet court had served the public interest by preventing picketing in the strike in Kansas stockyards. At the time he spoke the Wolfe Packing Company of Topeka was openly defying an order of his court in favor of the workers while in Kansas City and Wichita thousands of workers not only were out on strike but were peacefully picketing the yards. More dramatic evidence of the failure of his plan was to follow when dispatches told of armies of women, leaderless but determined, who waged war with pepper and jam to prevent coal miners from returning to work. The Governor ended his missionary journey by calling out troops to manage women! This is a continuance of the trouble which has followed the conviction of Alexander Howat for defying the industrial court. The strike he called and for which he was convicted involved 200 men. After he was sentenced 12,000 men walked out. Some of the men returned not on the court's order, but by direction of John L. Lewis, international president of the United Mine Workers. Since then a kind of civil war has smoldered. A Kansas correspondent, Mr. W. G. Clugston, to whom we are indebted for much information on this subject, writes us that before the women's armies appeared on the scene three mines were blown up and one miner shot. And still the court did nothing. Its failure became notorious throughout the State. Even the little cases of a sort it once dealt with were no longer referred to it. To recover popularity, at least with the employers, the court, without a request from any one, revoked its previous order requiring flour mills to submit to it for approval plans for shutting down or laying off men. This added to the bitterness of labor feeling but won little respect from the employers or public. No wonder President Harding took pains to allay the fears of labor leaders that his own recommendation for industrial tribunals meant a Federal equivalent of the Kansas Court. Governor Allen's plan originally made a specious appeal to many thoughtful citizens. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. As a practical proposition the scheme is simply unworkable, and the very existence of a court nominally empowered to determine the conditions under which wage workers must invest their lives acts as an irritant to those who long for freedom. It is time for practical men to face reality; the workers cannot be treated as chattels. Neither can they long be fooled by panaceas which give them a mere illusion of freedom and justice. The basis for industrial peace is an honest recognition of the right of organized workers to an increasing measure of control over industry.

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The Three Critics

THE Very Young Critic was vexed. "With all possible respect," he said, "I don't see that all your talk about Plato and the consensus of mankind and the great moral tradition gets you anywhere. You wouldn't be reading Plato himself if he hadn't been such a charming writer. And in his most charming thing 'The Banquet' there are both incidents and doctrines that, well—they don't exactly fit into your scheme."

The Graybeard smiled. "I was aware that you had probably read nothing of Plato except 'The Banquet' and that probably again in the version and interpretation of Shelley. The fact remains that man is distinguished from the brutes by having built up a spiritual universe of values and traditions and ideals within this sensible world. That is the City of God in which Sophocles and Plato, Dante and Shakespeare are the rulers. There is beauty enough in that city. But that beauty is the expression of the highest aspirations of the race. To be disloyal to those aspirations is to tear down the walls of the city which noble spirits in many centuries have built against the winds of paganism and license and degradation and despair."

The Very Young Critic who limped a little when he walked had a rather flippant expression. "I notice that your walls didn't keep out the war. That was some example of degradation and despair!"

"To those who didn't grasp its purpose and meaning!" The Graybeard grew a little red in the face. "Of course, if I'm talking to a pacifist or a pro-German . . ."

"Not at all," said the Very Young Critic, "though I confess your City seemed a little queer with Goethe out of it. I'm fed up on both the war and its consequences. The whole thing seems pretty rotten. And one can't help noticing that the moral old gentlemen got us into the great mess and can't get us out. That's one big reason why I repudiate, so far as art goes, the expression of moral values. Such expression is futile. Beauty is the absolute good, a beauty that is, so far as possible, remote from the muddle of practical things. It's their concern with that muddle which ruined Shaw and Wells. An exquisite, abstract pattern is the same yesterday, today, and forever."

The Graybeard could contain himself no longer. "Young man," he said, "that's twaddle. We heard that twaddle in the nineties. Where are those twaddlers now? How did Oscar Wilde end?"

The Critic of Forty had been listening patiently. "I don't like to see you two quarreling," he said at last, "because there's no fundamental difference between you."

"Oh, isn't there though!" the Very Young Critic chirped. The Graybeard smiled his disdain.

"Why, no," said the Critic of Forty. "You're like two people in a ship. The ship is on the rocks; her bottom's fouled; her sails are rags and her masts in splinters. Most of the passengers are dead, the rest and the crew are rotten with scurvy. You two happened to be in the first cabin and happened to have private supplies. So you talk. One of you," he turned to the Graybeard, "says: 'This is the noble ship on which my fathers sailed. Their charts are as near an approach to absolute truth as man can reach. Let no one rock the boat. So long as we stick to this ship and these charts we are, at least, upholding the dignity that befits man, the traditions of our race and nation, and defeating the savagery of human nature.' And you," he grinned in the direction of the Very Young Critic, "reply: 'Well, things look bad but no doubt you're right. Let's fiddle a tune!'"

The Graybeard looked severe. "Parables and analogies are notoriously misleading. A skipper's charts may not be absolutely accurate. He'll do no better by throwing them overboard."

"It's not a question," the Critic of Forty said, "of tolerably inaccurate charts, but of such as are necessarily and demonstrably misleading. But I shall drop my analogy. To talk about a beautiful abstract pattern except in the arts of decoration is meaningless. Literature, at all events, since it deals with the actions and passions of men, must express both the values which men hold and live by and the author's attitude to those values which is, in turn, the necessary expression of his own. Hence literature can no more avoid moral and philosophical and even political and economic issues than a man can jump out of his skin."

The Graybeard looked benign. "Precisely," he said.

The Critic of Forty smiled. "Ah, but you're forgetting how I started. I agree with you that literature is practical and moral and I do not agree with our young friend, who doesn't really agree with himself, that it can be abstracted from morals and practice. But you mean one set of morals and one kind of practice. You are thinking of a set of morals long formulated and a kind of practice long agreed upon. And you want literature to illustrate these. You want, if you'll forgive my returning to my feeble illustration, to keep on poring over the old charts while the ship goes utterly to pieces and the rest of the passengers and the crew die in agony. That's not what I want. I want literature within its own field to cooperate with both the critical and creative movement by which the human intelligence must reconstruct the moral and practical basis of life, if life is to persist at all. We have followed the old charts. We have built up institutions and enacted codes and compelled obedience. And we are on the rocks. Two-thirds of mankind is sick in body. All of mankind is sick in soul. And one of you says: 'Let us go on precisely as before. At least we shall be moral and dignified.' And the other says: 'Let us have an agreeable time.' As though that were to be had for the wanting. Literature must go upon a voyage of discovery. It must immerse itself in a study of human nature as human nature really is; it must be uninhibited by such catch-words as 'license,' 'savagery,' 'dignity'; it must cooperate with the reason in discovering what is fit and beautiful for such a being as man in such a world as the present. That effort, unhampered by myth and superstition and the cold touch of the dead who knew less than we, has never been attempted. It is being made today. It is being made everywhere. But the new fiction in England and, especially in America, is our best example. These writers are intensely preoccupied with morality——"

The Graybeard snorted and arose. "With immorality, sir! You talk like a Bolshevik!"

The Very Young Critic smiled sunnily. "No, only like a professor."

The Critic of Forty quoted something about "pectora caeca." His older friend reflected that a gentleman's education was often wasted; his younger coolly whistled.

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Africa for the Africans—The Garvey Movement

By WILLIAM PICKENS

When a German society petitions a black man in America to use his influence against the use of black troops on the Rhine (as appears from an article in the International Relations Section this week), Americans cannot dismiss that man as a joke. Marcus Garvey and his movement have been criticized, probably justly, for unsound methods of finance. They have been denounced by colored critics for failing to assert social equality and by radical critics for lack of economic understanding. They have been ridiculed by white men who do not see that the foibles of their own racial consciousness are reflected in this Negro movement. But the movement goes on—a vigorous proof that the Negro no longer answers to Mr. Dooley's definition of a "docile people easily lynched."

THE visitor to the thriving Negro section of the Harlem district in New York any time during the month of August would have been aware that something unusual was going on. At the corners newsboys hawked the *Negro World*—"all about Marcus Garvey and the great convention." Cigar stores sold Marcus Garvey cigars. At certain hours parades drew thousands to the streets. A long one-story building, Liberty Hall, was filled all during the month with hundreds of delegates during business sessions and jammed to the doors every night. And this convention was an army with banners—red, black, and green—borne by delegates from three continents. Its leading functionaries on great occasions wore resplendent robes and at all times bore resounding titles: Potentate, Provisional President of Africa, Chaplain General, and the like. The man responsible for all this was Marcus Garvey, a West Indian Negro, not long in the United States, who asserts that in four years his Universal Negro Improvement Association has reached a membership of 4,500,000, about 45 per cent from the United States, the remainder from Africa, Central and South America, the West Indies, Canada, and Europe. Reduce this high estimate as much as you like, yet it still remains an unprecedented fact that representatives of all the principal Negro groups of the world have come together in an organization which raises the cry of "Africa for the Africans!" and proposes to found a great Negro government, an African Republic, which they vow to realize if it takes five hundred years.

This is a new thing for Negroes, but in strict harmony with many a slogan old or new which white men have used. "Self-determination of all peoples," "a white Australia," "100-per-cent Americanism"—how are they different in principle from Garvey's cry "Africa, the self-governing home of the Negro race"? Any phenomenon among the colored population, like the U. N. I. A., white persons at first incline to regard as a huge joke, while the better-off colored people look upon it as something which they must shun in defense of their respectability. So there are educated and conscientious colored people who live within five minutes of Liberty Hall but have never been in it, and yet believe that the whole movement is disreputable, dishonest, and disgraceful to their race, and that Garvey, whom they have never heard, is a smart thief or a wild fanatic. But the stubborn fact remains that a man of a disadvantaged group, by his almost unsupported strength and personal magnetism, has founded so large a power in the English-speaking world as to add to the current vocabulary of that language a new word, "Garveyism."

And still honest people have honest doubts which we may consider under various heads:

1. Is a Republic of Africa, controlled by black people, possible? Friends of the movement say that the idea may unite the Negro groups of the world in large industrial cooperation and commercial enterprise, even if the dream of African empire is not realized for many generations. Colored people have similar problems wherever they live in large numbers among white people, and it will help them to have financial and economic strength such as the Jews have maintained throughout the world for centuries, even without territory and without sovereign or national power. As for the future, it is a very large assumption to deny the possibility of African freedom. Ten years ago it seemed impossible to get the Germans out of Africa. Something happened, unpredicted and unbelievable. Are the British and French empires less mortal than Germany seemed ten years ago? If ever the British Empire goes to pieces, the chances for a Negro state will be good. And the longer that empire holds the better the chances for such a state when the empire does break up, for the culture of the native African will be more advanced.

2. Garvey's emphasis on racial consciousness as a bond to unite Negroes of all nations is not a retrograde movement. Possibly the idea of race may vanish in the future. But how far in the future? The comfort, convenience, and protection of hundreds of millions of Negroes cannot wait on that millennial jubilee. We might as well console a Negro who is about to be burned in Texas by prophesying to him that a thousand years from now his kind will not be burned because the constantly inflowing stream of white blood will have so lightened the skins of his group that nobody will know whom to burn. Race is now and will be for ages one of the deepest lines of human demarcation. And a race must have power and cohesion or perish. There is no such thing as the inalienable right of the individual against the established government, and when one race monopolizes the power and the functions of government, the other race or races are under the power of the governing race, even in the most advanced democracies and republics. And so interdependent are the interests of nations today that whenever any race holds power anywhere on earth the nationals and members of that race who live under the government of other races receive more respect and better treatment than the members of a race who have not the indirect backing of a racial government. That explains the queer fact that a brown-faced Japanese, who is regarded as a dangerous rival and almost feared as a potential enemy, can travel without Jim Crow in Mississippi and register at the best hotels of New York or Atlanta, while a native Negro who is a citizen and whose skin may be many shades lighter than that of the Japanese, but who has no appeal from the local white juries, will be jim-crowed in Mississippi, told that "all rooms are taken" in New York, and kicked out of the lobbies in Atlanta. And this same Negro can be drafted to fight that Japanese.

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3. The parades, regalia, ceremonials, and rituals of the Garvey movement form the outside, the least important side, of his organization. The desire for them is primarily human, not Negro. The writer does not happen to share it, but he understands it. Garvey's ritual is infinitely less absurd than that of the Ku Klux Klan and is neither secret nor sinister. Garvey is a Britisher and frankly wishes to use British social institutions. He is President-General of the organization; there are also a High Potentate from Liberia, a leader for the American Negro contingent, a head for the African Legion or military organization, and other high officers. What really troubles many white observers is not the ritual but the fact that in it the Negroes are striving to express their own racial pride rather than bow down to the white man. Formerly the Negro accepted the white and straight-haired God of the white man; when the white man wrote a prayer for the health of his own king and the perpetuation of his own supremacy, the black Christian simply repeated, reinforced, and abetted the white man's supplications. But here come black Garvey and his followers praying for their own sovereignty, idealizing their own kind, pigmenting their God, and the thing sounds outrageous to some white men and ridiculous even to the Caucasianized section of the Negro race. But is not some such racial pride necessary to the strength of the race?

4. An expert in business procedure would doubtless find many weaknesses in Garvey's business methods, not because it is Garvey's movement, certainly not because the people are colored, but for the same reason that one would expect to find risk and waste and some unfit and misplaced officials in any new, very large, and fast-growing organization. These things are remediable if the head and heart of an organization are right. Nearly everyone who looks into the face and listens to the words of Marcus Garvey becomes convinced of his honesty and his utter sincerity, as I am. But colored Americans of large business experience have held aloof hitherto and have lent no aid toward systematizing this tremendous enterprise of their race, and its greatest need seems to be better talent in its management. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Garvey. All the more reason why the financial transactions of the movement and its various subdivisions should be above the very breath of suspicion.

The United Negro Improvement Association is a membership organization, and if it received not more than one dollar per member a year from one-tenth of the number claimed it would have about the largest net income of any Negro institution. The U. N. I. A. holds the majority of stock in the Black Star Line, which is said to own three vessels. The creation of a steamship line, even in embryo, is one of the greatest achievements of the twentieth century Negro. The U. N. I. A. is also the basis of various other business organizations, one of which is the African Communities League. I take it that this League is simply a legal device for doing business which could not be done under the charter of the U. N. I. A., especially under British law. There is also a Negro Factories Corporation. A safe development of these business enterprises will mean more to the Negroes of the Western Hemisphere for some generations to come than will the hope of the Republic of Africa.

5. It is a serious question whether a big international race movement like this Garvey movement will not have a harmful influence on the domestic struggle here, if only by sapping the energies and consuming the resources of American colored folk. Yet in so far as international race power grew, it would strengthen the Negroes in the United States and everywhere else. There is no essential antagonism between Negro civil rights in Texas and Negro political rights in West Africa. There is no reason why the same individual Negro may not have a membership in the Urban League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the Universal Negro Improvement Association, and yet talk consistently in an "interracial congress" in Atlanta, Georgia.

6. Will the Garvey propaganda introduce a dangerous color division in the ranks of the colored American group itself? Garvey emphasizes and idealizes black; accepting the white man's challenge at its face value, he calls for black racial integrity and the preservation of "type." Now, it happens that what is called "the American Negro" consists of every shade and grade of human being from a white person with a drop of African blood in his veins to the full-blooded Negro. American race prejudice has welded this group into one. In the West Indies it is different: the British there have created a gulf between the light-skinned colored people and the darker ones, making both easier for the British to control. It is perhaps one of Garvey's mistakes that when he sees colored Americans contending for exact citizenship equality between the two races, he suspects them of trying to bring about amalgamation between whites and blacks. Amalgamation is hardly subject to group control; it is almost as independent of individual will as is the cooling of the sun. The leaders of the U. N. I. A., including Garvey himself, declare that the organization draws no distinction among the Negroes of the world.

Whatever may be said by way of criticism, this movement of the colored masses is anything but a joke. Neither Garvey nor any other human being could ever build up such a movement among the masses if it did not answer some longing of their souls. His particular movement may fail; the new racial consciousness of the Negro will endure. The deepest instincts of the scattered scions of the Negro race, like those of every race, call for group life, group propagation, and group power. That this is a white man's country, that other races must be kept out, or if already in must be kept in their place, is the viewpoint, the belief, and the will of nine-tenths of the native white people of the United States, even the most cultured and the most religious. It is but natural that such a pervasive feeling in their environment is answered in the soul of colored folk by a striving after self-preservation and self-perpetuation. And there is a *laissez-faire* majority in both races who are always worried and anxious enough, but who are willing only to "wait on the Lord" and see what will happen from decade to decade. And, of course, "nature and time" would gradually but very slowly and very wastefully solve this problem and all other earthly problems by the creeping processes of destroying and uniformizing. But the horrors of a thousand years while waiting on Nature would be a disgrace to human intellect and genius.

Out of the colored people must come their own salvation. They must be a race and a power. The preparation for it could never have started too early, and cannot start earlier than now. The earlier the start, the less waste and the fewer horrors. It may take a hundred years or five hundred, a thousand years or five thousand, but four hundred million people can never be expected either to perish or forever to renounce their right to self-direction.

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The Riddle of Manchuria

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

Washington, December 18

So far as Japan and Japan's imperialistic ambitions are concerned—and it is they that have forced the Far Eastern problem to world attention and international assembly—the Conference to the present has only been playing about the edges. Only now is it coming to the core. The Twenty-one Demands have been raised already, though postponed for discussion; Manchuria can be postponed but a few more days. And they are the expression in action of Japan's Asiatic ambitions.

Essentially the two are one. The Twenty-one Demands in effect are Manchuria. Of the five groups into which the Twenty-one Demands are divided one was dropped and the other is non-controversial and comparatively unimportant. Another gave the Japanese joint control of China's principal steel works and a monopoly of half its output; but the Japanese were fast getting joint control anyway by financial means and the Chinese have laid comparatively little emphasis on this provision. Another group covered Shantung, which is being dealt with separately in the Conference and gives promise of settlement. The remaining group deals with Manchuria.

By conquering Russia, Japan succeeded to Russia's rights in Manchuria, which can be summed up for important purposes as the ports of Dairen and Port Arthur, the South Manchuria Railway, and a group of valuable coal mines. The Russo-Chinese agreement provided that Russia's lease of the two ports expire in 1923 and the lease of the railway in 1937. By the Twenty-one Demands Japan compelled China, by threat of military force, to extend both leases to ninety-nine years and also to recognize Japan's "special position" in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia. The abrogation of the Twenty-one Demands therefore means that Japan gives up Dairen and Port Arthur in 1923.

That is to say that the Twenty-one Demands will not be abrogated. Only under one condition will Japan clear out of the South Manchurian ports in 1923: if it is blown out by dreadnoughts. I have met numerous Japanese of liberal opinions who have deplored the Twenty-one Demands, deplored Japan's conduct in South Manchuria, deplored Japan's interference in China's internal affairs; I have never met one who believed in restitution of Manchuria to China.

In one sense I sympathize with Japan's position. I have already indicated in this correspondence that so long as the other Powers cling to their spoils in China, so long as Britain refuses to give up the little leasehold of Kowloon, of minor importance to the British, it is only hypocrisy to ask the Japanese to give up Manchuria, of so vital an importance to them. Until the other Powers clear out of China, we cannot in decency ask the Japanese to clear out. And the other Powers do not intend to clear out. I do not want to falsify the issue, however. Not that consideration motivates Japan in its refusal. If all the other Powers gave up the territory they hold in China tomorrow, Japan would not clear out. First, because, as they tell you, "we spilled our blood and spent our treasure to get Manchuria." Second, because they want Manchurian resources for their private and exclusive exploitation. Actually and principally, because no Power bent on imperialism ever gives up anything.

What shall we do? What specifically should be Mr. Hughes's policy? A heavy responsibility rests on Mr. Hughes. After the Twenty-one Demands were accepted by China it was Mr. Hughes's department that declared publicly that America would not be bound by any provision of those demands contravening America's rights under the Open Door. And very emphatically Japan's occupation of Manchuria does contravene those rights. It has shut the Open Door with a bang.

Well, we shall not fight for Manchuria, that is certain. But on the other hand, we need not give recognition to Japan's occupation; we can at least leave to China the legal right to a challenge in the future. In the meantime we must seek a basis for compromise. So far as America is concerned, our objection is not so much to the fact of Japan's occupation as to the manner of its occupation. We admit Japan's dependence on Manchurian raw materials for its own industrial development. We need not concede it any more than a free right to purchase those raw materials in an open competitive market where it has all the advantages of propinquity. And whatever economic preferred position we need concede as a matter of existing fact, we need not and must not concede any political preferred position to Japan. We can insist first that Japan state its position in Manchuria; we can insist on a precise, public definition of its rights under that position. Then we can insist on an examination of those rights in the light of the principle of the Open Door and equality of opportunity for all nations, a principle to which Japan has given public adherence. Following from that, we can insist on a drastic modification of Japan's methods in Manchuria, or such of them as are in contravention of that principle; the methods that have driven out of Manchuria all traders not Japanese.

What are those methods? Deliberate holding up of cargoes not Japanese at ports of entry and along the railway; discrimination in railway rates and railway service against goods not Japanese; refusal of other communication facilities; preferences in taxation to Japanese over Chinese; intimidation of Chinese competitors and Chinese officials, compelling them to acts destructive of the rights of other nationals; abuse of the power of Japanese troops and police; political interference; instigation of outlawry by providing Chinese bandits with arms, thus making pretexts for further political penetration. The abandonment of all these we must ask, and the abandonment of all these Japan can grant without prejudicing any of its vital interests. There is but one alternative. That is to take the position that if the Japanese refuse to open the subject of the Twenty-one Demands, as they have already said they would, we shall refuse to discuss Manchuria at all; that we shall maintain our former position that we do not recognize Japan's rights in Manchuria and that we accept its remaining there after 1923 or its monopolistic methods at any time only as a *de-facto* condition existing illegally and by right of force.

For China there can be no satisfactory solution but restitution of Manchuria. But for ourselves there is a satisfactory solution in a modification of Japan's methods. We cannot bring about that solution here. We can only leave that to Japan's good faith. In that one has little confidence until Japan's rulers change. But that is not a condition peculiar to Japan. He who lays his case on the good faith of any imperialism courts illusion and makes his bed with disappointment.

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Out of Work

These verses are by a writer who had talked with a young woman actually in the condition represented and who set her words down as nearly as possible as she remembered them.

Incredible Facts

People *do* walk all night in the rain,
There's no place they won't get put out of
Some time.
They get wetter and wetter
And never really dry out.
People *do* get so hungry
They never can quite get rid of
The memory of a figure prowling about an ash-can
Fighting for scraps with cats.
They *do* sleep all night in gutters
And hang about in doorways.
People that used to be clean
Have dirty, horrible bodies.
People *do* die for want
Of a nickel to take the subway
To where they could get a job.
That is what happens to people
Who have no work and no money.

Uses

Great buildings
Have arched doorways
To hide in.
On free days
The Museum is warm.
In the Public Library
You pretend to be reading
While you sit and wonder
How long?

Windows and Smells

Baked apples in windows
Shine golden-brown and rosy,
Peanuts roast with a steamy whistle
And the smell of chestnuts is warm.
In drug-store windows
Candy lies loose in a welter, a mountain.
In the bakery window endlessly
White-capped cooks are frying griddle cakes.
If you stand there you may share
With the eaters their crisp brown odor.
It drifts through the swinging door
With the cheerful rattle of dishes.
There are only windows and smells
In the world when you are hungry.

Department-Store Demonstrator

The third time I passed the table
I saw that she remembered.
If I'd only not lost my nerve
I might have got another
Thin cracker spread with red jelly,
Blood-red and thin and sweet
As brief as a strain of music.
If I can walk far enough
Perhaps I will find another
And get a sample of cocoa
Or something made with a capsule.

Holiday

That was the worst of all, that day
When blankness shut down on the world.
If you do have to walk the streets
It is better to be jostled in them,
To know that the world is alive.
Then the fear that gnaws your heart
Does not bite it quite so deeply.
It was not until that day
I grew afraid of the end.
There were flags flapping over my head
And the sky was sunny and blue,
But the streets about me were still.
The people were all hidden away in houses,
The windows were all blank,
The doors had locks and gratings,
There wasn't a place to go.
And I thought: "The world must have stopped.
It can't be eating and sleeping,
Thinking about its business.
Why should anything in the world
Stop when it doesn't have to?"

The Night Wind

It will surely get you.
There is no use hiding and dodging
Behind doorways and pillars,
Down the subway stairs,
No use shivering and skulking.
It will knife its way to your bones,
It knows the way down your collar,
It can bite the numb hands in your pockets.
Perhaps if you go out to meet it
It will have done with you sooner,
Whirl you away with the dust
And the torn and dirty papers.

Papers

Papers you find around
Are always the day's before,
Or else the "Help Wanted" is missing.
In the Library newspaper-room
You stand in a line to read them.
The Library opens at nine
And the jobs are all taken by eight.

The Municipal Lodging House

I stood a chance before,
But now who'd give me a job?
I suppose it might have been worse:
They gave me a bed and a bath
And something that they call coffee.
But why did they have to go
And look for bugs in my clothes?
Now I look like a three day's rain
And none will give me a job.

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The Diary of Sir Roger Casement[1]

CHAPTER V

Berlin, 24 November, 1914

TODAY I was to go to the Baroness von W. but got a 'phone to say she was in bed with cold; and just then a 'phone came from Blücher[2] at the Esplanade Hotel—to my great joy—and I hurried off to lunch with him there. After lunch I talked with the Countess. She is in great distress for her young brother, left with two broken legs in a captured trench. . . . Countess Blücher[3] hopes sincerely I may succeed in raising a real good rebellion in Ireland, and so bring peace by terrifying the British Government.

26 (?) November

Count von Wedel rang me up to say the two priests[4] had arrived from Rome and had been with him at the Foreign Office. They are in charge of a Dominican father, who will get them rooms in some quiet hotel, and then I am to see them. Von Wedel says they knew "who I was" but did not know me personally. No, they did not—but I hope their views may become as mine before we part.

27 November

Meyer came at 12 and said the two Irish priests (from Rome) were out "for a walk" and could not be found—so I can't go till tomorrow. He tells me that in their interview with von Wedel yesterday they showed that they had been given strict instructions to abstain from all politics! Good, if they keep to that.

28 November

Meyer came at my request at 11 and read over the letter I propose sending to Ireland by the channel Princess Pless tells Countess Blücher of. He agreed to its wording and I gave it him to get typed at Foreign Office. Then to Blücher and the Countess till nearly 2 p.m. I refused to see the Princess—yet. She is anxious to meet me; says she is Irish! (I believe her mother was Irish, but the Cornwallis-West family are just what we know—English of the English.) The Countess B. is fine. She really would like to see England get not an overthrow, but a good birching from Germany. A message to go and see Father O'Gorman and Crothy at 4.

30 November

I went to the holy men at 4:30 and found Father O'Gorman a loyalist nationalist—and Father Crothy, the Dominican, thank God, a raging Fenian! Both promised me *not* to be "agents of the British Government"—as I asked them—but to confine themselves strictly to their holy business. They are to be entirely "non-political." The question is *will* they? . . .

On Sunday Blücher called. He says he heard from von Jagow to whom he had written asking him to lunch to meet me. Jagow replied that he was off with the Emperor on Saturday night and could not come, and added things about Ireland and my mission that by Blücher's showing were not very favorable. But Blücher is extraordinarily inaccurate in his versions of happenings. It is "untruth by defect." He does not intend to misstate but he does. . . .

1 December

To Blücher at Esplanade at 6 and left a letter for Eoin MacNeill—inclosed in one to ———, and this in one to Wambersin and Son, Rotterdam; this, finally, to go to Herr Ballin in Hamburg, who can get it through to England, unopened, so Blücher says. This is the route Princess of Pless takes and it is on her advice.

Blücher says that the leading Germans *still* are not keen for war *à outrance* with England—at least the diplomatic world of Germany of which von Jagow is the type. They wanted—and want—English "friendship." The military machine, however (and happily), is under no such illusions and desires mightily to get at England; and as Blücher says, the military mind in Germany dominates the civil power in every way and also has absorbed far the ablest minds of the land, so that German intelligence is much better represented in Army and Navy circles than in the Foreign Office and governing administration. This is evident! If the men who have controlled German diplomacy and brought this country to its present state of colossal isolation in the world had had the war machine to run, I guess the French and Russian armies would now be near Potsdam.

2 December

The letter from Adler of 26 November that Meyer brought me on Monday said that he had "got Findlay sure"—and begged me to write a "fake" letter. This I did on 1 December—an absurd epistle about chartering a boat for $30,000 and hiring two men, and a lot more that Adler suggested. He says that his plan to catch Findlay is a fine one. Findlay gave him kroner 500 this time; that is 625 he has got from the Rascal. Put the kroner at one shilling, it gives over £30 the British Government have disbursed on that branch of their secret service—and I wish them joy of the value received! The "moral and material" gains are, I fear, on the wrong side of the account.

[Sir Roger's personal reply to Adler's letter of 26 November reads:

2 December, 1914

Dear Adler:

I got your letter of 26 November yesterday afternoon—and now send you the inclosed for your friend. He can keep it if he likes! I hope, however, if you let him keep it (as "proof" against me) you will succeed at same time in getting some *proof of the deal.*

I *hate* what I am doing all the time and feel almost as big a cur as he is, and were it for my own sake or interest alone I should never have put pen to paper in the matter—except to tell him to his face what a ruffian I think him. However, I am grateful indeed to you for all your faithful efforts in my behalf and I hope your plan will be successful and that this fake letter I inclose will help it on. I may not be in Berlin when you get here, but you will be able to learn where I am from the address you know of. I shall not be at the Continental Hotel after today, and you must not go there. If I am not in Berlin when

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[1] Copyright, 1921, by Charles E. Curry. All rights reserved. The first instalment appeared in *The Nation* of November 30.

[2] Count Gebhard Blücher married, in 1907, Evelyn, daughter of Frederick A. Stapleton-Bretherton of Rainhill Hall, Lancashire, England.

[3] Letter from Evelyn, Countess Blücher, found among Sir Roger's papers:

Hotel Esplanade *Berlin W.*
Berlin-Hamburg *Bellevuestrasse*

Dear Sir Roger,

I am so glad Fr. Crothy is coming; I am sure he will be a great help to you. Please *make* him come and see me without fail. I want to see him very badly indeed about my own affairs, and I will be most discreet about yours. I should like to see you again before you leave, but I do not know whether it would be wise for me to do so. We are all watched in these days. You have so much of my sympathy and I will pray for you.

Yrs sincerely,

E. B.

[4] Fathers O'Gorman and Crothy sent to care for the spiritual needs of British soldiers of Catholic faith in captivity in Germany.

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you arrive, you will be able to get a room in some small hotel till I return; and they will give you my address and send on any telegram from you and, as soon as I hear from you, I would come here, supposing I am away when you arrive. Please be very careful in all you do—and make sure *you* don't do wrong while trying to prove your friend's guilt. I hope you consulted the lawyer as I told you to do—and the schoolmaster. For your own sake, too, I want you to be careful, because you are dealing with very powerful people, and I am not a match for them in any way; and if you make any serious mistake they will drop on you, and I could not protect you. So, please, be careful, for your own sake no less than for mine. I do not want you to get into trouble for me or to do anything wrong (beyond the wrong we are both doing in meeting deception with deception). I want you to become an honest *good* man, dear Adler, and to help you to this; and so I am really unhappy when I think of you telling lies for me; and were it not for the reasons you know so well I should not consent. I hope you have been happy with your father and mother and young brother and sisters during your stay in Moss. *Don't* use any of your friend's 500 kronen! If you want money, let me know. I will send all you may need; but as you don't ask for any I presume you have enough. Don't carry any papers back *on your person;* send all letters, etc., etc., you may want to show me through the channel in Christiania. Also post me the last English papers the same as the others. I was glad to get them. Your friendly master,

(sgd) R.

I was very glad to hear from you; but I am always sorry to think of you with that rascal! I want to *fight* him—not to intrigue against him and tell lies. Come back here quickly, and if I am not here wait quietly—and if you need money, in my absence, I will see that it is given you. You should ask for the Count.]

If I learn that neither Bethmann-Hollweg nor von Jagow can see me, and I care not what the reason assigned may be, I shall decline to continue our "conversations" and shall ask for a passport to enable me to go to Norway or Sweden. These thoughts hardened during the night. I am not at all pleased with their attitude toward Christiania, and from Blücher's (and Schiemann's) remarks it is clear they do *not* accept my view of the Findlay affair. I told Meyer so, and he got very red and shuffled, but from von Wedel's remarks about Adler, when I left the letter[5] to be forwarded, it is clear they want me to drop the Christiania affair altogether—and to drop Adler. Now I am quite determined to do neither. I shall go on with the case against Findlay by every means in my power and I shall do all I can to help poor Adler to live a better life. From the point of view of the Irish cause I am not sure that the case against Findlay is not more telling than would be even the formation of an Irish brigade. Of course, for the Germans, the Irish brigade is most important. It *shames* John Bull's army and it knocks recruiting on the head in Ireland.

The Findlay business has no interest for them; and they do not appreciate its significance rightly—or the vast effect it would have on public opinion in Ireland and U. S. A. But even if they did, it would be for me only—and not for them; and they are keen only on the things I can do that will help them. Quite naturally. But equally quite naturally, I mean to convict John Bull's Government of being what I have always termed it—a criminal conspiracy.

With regard to the Christiania affair I am more and more determined to go on with it, just as I perceive the reluctance of the German authorities to my proceeding increases. I owe it to myself now. After Schiemann's disgraceful reference to Adler, and von Jagow's letter to Blücher that the latter told me held doubts as to the authenticity of the interview between Findlay and Adler, I should be admitting the justice of these views were I now to withdraw. Besides there are the letters I wrote to —— and sent by Adler, which were handed by him to Findlay. Those letters have long since been handed to the Foreign Office and constitute for Downing Street overwhelming proof of my guilt. To retire now from the affair, merely because Wilhelmstrasse does not like it, would be to make the British Government a present of my character indeed and enable them to poison the ears of everyone in Ireland and U. S. A. against me and to *prove their charges from my own writings*. No, I must launch the charge against them. I must be first in the field with the accusation, and part of the accusation itself must consist of those very letters on which they are now relying to base their charges of horrible treason against me. And no time should be lost either.

Frankfurt-on-Main, 3 December

I got here this morning at 7:10 in darkness. My train left the Anhalt Station at Berlin at 10:20 last night. There has been little to record the last few days. Monday I was unwell and stayed in my room all day. Professor Schiemann called late at night with disquieting statements about Adler that were unwarranted and malicious.[6] Poor Adler! God knows he is bad enough without these professional inquests on him. I was annoyed beyond words—and disgusted.

Things look very black for Serbia and there will be little pity for her fate. Her case is different from that of Belgium, although the publication of the "Anglo-Belgian Military Conventions" of 1906 entirely upsets the Belgian pose of neutrality. She was no more neutral than France —or England. She deliberately allied herself with England eight years ago; and England in 1912 dared to inform Belgium that she, England, would land troops in Belgium "to defend Belgian neutrality," whether Belgium consented or not! This is the masterpiece of the correspondence—and the height of neutrality for you.

I lunched yesterday at the Astoria Hotel with Baron and Baroness von Roeder. He is Court Chamberlain-Master of the Ceremonies. She was a daughter of Lord Rockingham. Of course her English was perfect; but er heart is now entirely German and she shared all my views and hopes. Countess Blücher also there. She, poor lady, very unhappy and *trying* to be German—but her heart still with her own land.

I told Blücher of Schiemann's remarks about Adler, and then of the truth—of Adler's confession to me the night before he left. Blücher agrees with me about him, that there is an innate chivalry and sense of honor and courage that make amends. I went to von Wedel at 7 to tell him—as I felt it necessary to be frank. I dined alone with Blücher at the Esplanade and came on to the Anhalt Station at 10.

Blücher is *very* keen on the Christiania business and says he had a long talk with von Roeder—today after I had lunched there—who will also take it up. Blücher had no right to discuss the matter, however, with anyone. I told him to keep it quiet; and he has gossiped all through Berlin about it—written about it to von Jagow, the Secretary of State, and now wants to syndicate it and run it as a sort of private concern. Blücher proposes getting Herr Ballin

[5] The letter of December 2 to Christensen, with faked letter of December 1 for Findlay inclosed.

[6] The police had made a report to the Foreign Office concerning Adler's conduct in Berlin.

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interested and employing a special detective to go with Adler to Norway and get the convincing proofs of Findlay's guilt. I agree with reservation.

I have for general use an Imperial Passport No. 2192, issued by the Emperor's "special order" and signed for the Imperial Chancellor by one Dargitz, issued for three months from 2 December, 1914. The passport is for "traveling in Germany," and is issued to "the Irishman Sir Roger Casement." I showed it here at the hotel on registering, and wrote my name, birthplace, year, and date of birth. And so now, thirty-four days after I reached Berlin, I become myself.

It *is* strange no word comes from von Bernstorff. Indeed, so far as I can observe it, "German diplomacy" deserves many of the hard things Billy Tyrrell said of it in the Foreign Office in November, 1912, at our historic meeting. But the real German diplomats are not in the Foreign Office, but in the German armies and navy. The brains of the country and its best character are of necessity there and the civil power is left to fish for inferior intelligences with less attractive bait.

6 December

De G. advised me to see either Bethmann-Hollweg or von Jagow quickly and not to be content with von Wedel. He said that von Wedel was merely a "letter carrier" and I should insist on the heads of the Government seeing me. I wrote to von Wedel a letter saying something of this and I sent it off by special post at 7:40 a.m. on the Monday morning.

I have decided, perhaps finally, on one thing. It is that I shall insist on seeing either von Jagow or the Chancellor. Both are in Berlin. If I cannot get an interview with them I shall take it as a proof that the German Government is not sufficiently in earnest for me to go on further.

[*To be continued.*]

Modern China—III. Chinese Amusements

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

ONE of the most obvious characteristics of the Chinese is their love of fireworks. On arriving at a Chinese temple, the worshiper is given a set of Chinese crackers to explode on the temple steps, so as to put him in a good humor. When I invited the most intellectual of my students to an evening party, they sent several days ahead extraordinarily elaborate *jeux d'artifice* to be let off in my courtyard. On the night of Chinese New Year (which is different from ours) it is impossible to sleep a wink, because every household, north, south, east, and west, spends the whole night sending off rockets and golden rain and every imaginable noisy display. I did not find any Chinaman, however grave, who failed to enjoy these occasions.

Chinese New Year is like our Christmas, or rather, what our Christmas would be if no one in the country were over ten years old, except the shopkeepers and confectioners. Everybody buys toys of one sort or another: paper windmills which go round and round in the wind as they are held in the hands of fat old gentlemen in rickshas; rattles more rattling than any European baby enjoys; gaudy paper pictures of all kinds; Chinese lanterns with horsemen on the outside who begin to gallop round as soon as the lantern is lit. All these things are sold in the courtyards of temples, which take the place of Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. I went on their New Year's Day to the Temple of the Eighteen Hells, where the posthumous tortures of eighteen kinds of sinners are depicted in the spirit of "Ruthless Rhymes." A vast crowd was going round, shouting with laughter at the various horrors, none of which were portrayed in any but a comic spirit. In the largest, gayest, and most crowded temple, in the inmost court, I found the Salvation Army singing hymns to a brass band and preaching through an interpreter, assuring the Bank Holiday crowd that its amusements were idolatrous and must infallibly bring eternal damnation. The crowd enjoyed this even more than the eighteen native hells, laughed more vociferously, and applauded with vast good humor. I do not think it occurred to any of them that the Salvationists were in earnest, for, if it had, good manners (never deficient in any class in China) would have demanded a different reception. I alone was left somewhat pensive, reflecting upon the benefits of the civilization we are bringing to the poor benighted heathen.

The educated classes, though they do not lose the capacity for childish pleasures, have also others of a more refined kind; in fact, the art of exquisite enjoyment has probably been carried to greater perfection than anywhere else in the world. In all the most beautiful places there are Buddhist monasteries, to which scholars go when they desire a studious retreat. At any specially admirable point of view one finds a pavilion, put up, not by a tourist agency, but by some emperor or poet with a perfect appreciation of what the landscape needs. No sooner has one sat down in this astonishing summer-house than some kind person, like a genie in "The Arabian Nights," brings tea in little cups—not the gross liquid that we call tea, but an amber-colored nectar with an intoxicating fragrance, half aromatic, half like the meadows in June, combining the freshness of spring with the beauty of summer sunshine robbed of its dust and heat. One's Chinese hosts begin immediately to discuss some ancient philosophic theme: whether progress is rectilinear or cyclic; whether the perfect sage must be always self-sacrificing or may on occasion consider his own interest; whether it is better to meditate on death or to ignore it. These subjects will be argued with a wealth of classical quotation and anecdotes of ancient philosophers. But presently some one will mention Japanese aggression in Shantung, or missionary education, or labor conditions in the cotton mills on the Yangtze. At once the delicate spell is broken, and one realizes that, willingly or unwillingly, one is part of the force that must inevitably destroy this beauty and peace inherited from a happier age.

The Chinese have a great aptitude for games of skill. They play a kind of chess which is far more complicated than ours, and needs a board of 256 squares. Those who subsequently learn our variety of the game find it exceedingly simple, and can soon beat quite good European players. They are also much addicted to various easier games, which they play for money. Gambling has always been a national vice, and is their principal vice now that the smoking of

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opium has been nearly stamped out except where Japanese peddlers can smuggle it in.

One of the less agreeable sides of Peking life is the enormous number of beggars. Even in the severest winter frosts they are dressed in rags which let the air through; sometimes they have wounds or sores at which they point like the saints in medieval pictures. As one goes through the streets in a ricksha, beggars run after one, calling out in a piteous voice: "Da lao yeh!" which means, "Great old sire." If one is on foot, they sometimes perform the kowtow to one in the middle of the street. All this is embarrassing and painful, and at first one reacts with a C.O.S. emotion. But gradually one discovers that they have their beats and their office hours; that well-to-do Chinese like giving to them, and that many of them are fat. When they are not at work, they congregate together under a sunny wall and smoke cigarettes. At these times they take a holiday from the pretence of misery, and talk and laugh with the utmost gaiety. I do not think any European tramp could endure the hardships they put up with, and live; but there is no doubt that they preserve to the full that capacity for enjoying every pleasant moment which is the gift of the gods to the Chinese nation.

Educated Chinese derive considerable pleasure from gently pulling the foreigner's leg—but with such delicacy that no one could possibly be annoyed. I was taken one day by two Chinese friends to see a famous old pagoda, which was in a slightly ruinous condition. I went up the winding stairs to the top, and thought they were following; but when I emerged I saw them below me engaged in earnest conversation. On reaching the bottom again, I asked why they had not come up. Their reply was characteristic: "We debated for a long time, with many weighty arguments pro and con, whether we should follow you or not. But at last we decided that if the pagoda should crumble while you were on it, it would be as well that there should be some one to bear witness as to how the philosopher died, so we stayed below." The fact was that the weather was warm and one of them was fat.

The modernized Chinese, unfortunately, have mostly lost the power to appreciate native art; when I praised Chinese pictures they invariably retorted that the perspective is wrong. I was assured by Europeans that good pictures in the old style are still being produced, but I saw none of them myself; I was shown the imitations of our painting produced in the up-to-date art schools, but it was a devastating and horrible experience. The older Chinese still appreciate the old pictures, many of which are inconceivably beautiful. There is in China a much closer connection than in Europe between painting and poetry, perhaps because the same instrument, the brush, is used for both. The Chinese value a good piece of calligraphy just as much as a good picture; often the painter will write a poem or sentiment on the margin of his picture, and the beauty of the writing will be as much admired as that of the painting. Pictures are not hung on walls, as with us, but kept rolled up, and treated like books, to be read one at a time. Some of them are so long that they cannot be seen all at once; they represent, perhaps, all the scenery that you might see successively during a long day's walk in the mountains. At the beginning of the picture you see two figures starting up a footpath from the plain, probably with a willow-pattern bridge in the foreground; presently you find the same figures ascending through strange gorges and forests, which are realistic, though no one unacquainted with China would think so; just as your legs begin to ache in sympathy, the friends arrive at some exquisite temple and enjoy tea with philosophic converse in a pavilion. From there the mountains rise vaster and more inaccessible into dim regions where their shapes seem like misty epiphanies of something divine, and the spectator cannot tell where solid ground has passed into the cloud-shapes of mystical imagination. This is only one style of picture; there are many others, just as admirable. For my part, I derive far more pleasure from them than from even the best of European pictures; but in this I am willing to suppose that my taste is bad. I wish I could believe that something of the Chinese capacity for creating beauty could survive, but at the devastating approach of the white man beauty flies like a shy ghost. For us, beauty belongs to museums or to the final self-glorification of blatant millionaires; we cannot regard it as a thing for every day, or as equal in importance to health or cleanliness or money. Chinese dealers, with whom avarice is a passion, will sacrifice large sums sooner than sell a beautiful thing to a person of no taste. But neither they nor anyone else can keep alive the ancient loveliness of China, or the instinctive happiness which makes China a paradise after the fierce weariness of our distracted and trivial civilization.

In the Driftway

DOWNTOWN New York from Brooklyn Bridge at supper time is a most magnificent and unconscious masterpiece. Ten thousand squares of gold aglimmer, as perfect in design as a snowflake, as carelessly set against the sky as goldenrod on a September hillside. The hanging gardens of Babylon would have seemed paltry and amateurish beside it. Lost the anguished rectilinearity of structural lines. The windows skip, dance, turn—wantonly, graciously—each pane as determined in its form as a pine-needle, the whole as free as a pine tree in a pasture-lot. Lost, too, the crude outlines of the Singer Building and other day-time horrors. The solemn little tugboats that glide firefly-like across the river, the candles of Governor's Island, and the distant twinkle of Staten Island, even the necklace of Manhattan Bridge to starboard and the glow of the Statue of Liberty are all in harmony—except that fountain-pen sign! Is it not enough to have fountain pens stare one in the face from every magazine without having their legend obtrude itself into the fairyland of downtown New York at six o'clock of a winter's night?

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter saw the red flag flying on a machine-gun in front of the Sub-Treasury building his heart skipped twice. At last he understood his friend's excitement about the troops who drill every night under the street-lamps in Union Square. The Drifter had often pointed out to his excitable friend that this was probably nothing but compulsory military training for evening high-school students. So, too, the red flag on the machine-gun turned out to be acccompanied by a huge sign, "Come back with your buddies in the 'famous' 105th field artillery," and an irresistible list which offered the recruit not only dancing, polo, and mounted basket-ball, but "a free ride to the field from either stable." With such inducements, who would not long to die for his country?

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Voices from the South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers may be interested in three letters which we have recently received from Southern officials in answer to inquiries in regard to reports of mob violence. The first reads as follows:

Office of City Clerk
City of Enid
State of Oklahoma

November 25, 1921.

American Civil Liberties Union,
138 West 13th Street, New York City,
Gentlemen:

It has been alledged that the Ku Klux Klan had a parade on October 26th, and the negroes left town, the bunch that left have been defying the laws of our City and County for the last 20 years, and two of the bunch robbed a jewelry store on the night of Oct. 21st, and shot a white Policeman, they were bootleggers, dope heads and hold-ups, both men and women, this bunch has police has Police and County records too numerous to mention. We have investigated and have no positive evidence that it was the Klan, all we can find out is, that about 150 Automobiles parades 2nd Street, and the bunch got busy and left; some of them within an hour afterwards. You might condemn the method, but the results were entirely satisfactory to the citizenship of our City of Twenty Thousand people. If it was the Klan it has made our citizenship their warm friends, even our respectable colored population, glorify at the results, we have ten Policemen, the Klan is alleged to have 1500 members, and we do not want to have any Killings over some ruff-neck, law violators, and as to the investigation, you know there was an alledged investigation in the city of Washington, and you know the results, so you can see how far we can get with an investigation here, when you elbow your best friends, and do not know wheather you are rubbing up against a Klansman or not, our watch word is "Keep your mouth shut tight and keep out of the hands of the Klansman." Yours respectfully,

(SIGNED) WILLIAM H. RYAN,
Mayor

The second letter comes from the Sheriff of De Kalb, Texas, in reply to an inquiry concerning a mob attack on Eddy Hopkins, a Negro. The Sheriff writes:

The people of De Kalb are perfectly capable of attending to their own affairs and regulating their own conduct without any advice or interference from a lot of nigger loving buzzards of New York City.

The third letter is in answer to our inquiry concerning the flogging of Charles Hagler, a Negro employee, in a hotel at Long View, Texas, who was alleged to have "peeped into the homes of citizens." The Sheriff writes:

I was out of the city at the time of the occurrence when it happened and can only say when I got back some different ones was telling me something had happened to the effect, and I immediately went to see about same and Charley was gone and I did not find him to talk with him and did not nor could not find out from anyone else the fact about it. I myself always liked Charley Hagler and only hurd he had looked into some white peoples' houses at the windows. This is my first letter from any one else about this.

New York, November 30 LUCILLE B. MILNER,
Field Secretary, American Civil Liberties Union

The Printer Regrets It

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my letter of November 22 I wrote: "So far from its being the last proof of a fine soul's exquisiteness that it can find no beauty in the life about it," etc. The omission of the word "no," in the published letter, seemed unfortunate.

New York, December 9 HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

A Referendum on the Treaty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The people have recently elected a President whose person and office we all deeply respect. They elected him in the confident and absolute belief that he pledged himself to keep America out of all foreign alliances and entanglements. The treaty with England, Japan, and France seems to many persons to break this contract, to be a violation of the understanding and promise upon which President Harding was elected. Nevertheless, the treaty will probably pass the Senate, for reasons which are tolerably obvious.

The question therefore arises: Do the people of the United States want the treaty; or are they strongly opposed to it? I suggest that the treaty should be put to the popular vote, through a referendum.

Boston, December 18 BERTRAND SHADWELL

Prisoners of Conscience

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of the 147 Federal prisoners convicted under war laws still in prison the number of Industrial Workers of the World is 103. Of these over half have refused to consider making applications for Presidential pardons as a matter of principle in protest against the injustice of their trials and sentences. Some of them have even refused to consider the parole to which they are eligible when they have served two-thirds of their sentences.

The following extract from a private letter from J. T. ("Red") Doran puts the moral issue so clearly that readers of *The Nation* ought to see it:

One day last week about twenty men, as near as I could judge the number, with myself included, were ordered to appear before the parole board. We had previously refused to apply for parole, but the order for our appearance was issued and we were compelled to make an appearance before the board. The men called were eligible for parole under the rules. Of the number, approximately twenty, all but three—Rice, Plakon, and Anderson—refused to discuss the question.

The merits or demerits of the "parole system" where it applies to criminals is a matter with which I am not concerned. It may be the proper thing when dealing with criminals, but it is, in my opinion, a perfectly impossible program in cases such as ours. The applicant for parole must, by implication at least, admit his guilt, justify the court proceedings and sentence, and indicate a willingness to "reform." Any conditions imposed by the board must be agreed to and regular reports made to a parole officer. You can easily understand why the program is an impossible one for us to follow. We are not guilty, do not justify the court proceedings or sentences, and we have not "reformed." To apply for and accept parole necessarily means, feeling as we do, that one must deliberately lie and further agree to live a lie in order to enjoy (?) a restricted "freedom."

I surely did feel a thrill of satisfaction when I saw man after man refuse to consider the degrading proposition. We all want release—the thought of it is constantly with us—yet these men refuse to accept the dishonorable opportunity offered them and they have been, most of them, either in jail or here for the past four or five years. I tell you this thing *is real;* it has a great big spiritual significance and it cannot be beaten.

The individualists, who seek to get out via any old route, *may* be right, but I certainly cannot see it. The moral effect of this little drama was felt even here. Many humorous little situations developed at the time. For instance, in answer to the examiner's question as to whether I wished to apply or not, I said "No." He said: "I don't understand! I don't understand it at all!" I replied: "Perhaps not—it's a matter of conscience." He looked at me for a moment, and I am sure he understood that remark.

When I contrast the behavior of most liberals with that of these men I *know,* why I stick with these fellows. They are not only honest and sincere, and I concede honesty and sincerity to the average liberal, but they have faith in themselves and the thing they believe in. Every petty comforter who would relieve a present

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uncomfortable and burdensome situation cannot influence them, while the average liberal is the most gullible creature on earth, ready to believe in every new political savior that arrives. They have not faith in themselves. Policy for them simply means expediency.

I am glad that you approve the spirit which prompts and explains the attitude some of us have maintained toward parole. So many folks look at it only from the point which, seemingly, appeals most strongly to them—namely, the question of release. No one could possibly wish more earnestly for release than we, but if release were the only issue we should never have been made victims in the first place. We were convicted as criminals because we sought to promote an interest in the concept of a better, broader culture, a culture builded upon the idea that man's spiritual and physical life on earth must be free to develop to the fullness of its potentialities; that the enslavement of men by their fellow men is wrong; that material advantages for the few must be subordinated to the greater claims of all.

For us even to allow an implication that we are criminals to stand unchallenged is to prostitute what intelligence we possess and to degrade the purpose of years of effort honestly put forth without the hope of individual material gain. I wish folks would view the matter not as one involving our physical comfort, but rather as a matter of social importance which involves the only thing which, in my opinion, gives us the right to claim recognition as men—conscience.

New York, November 22 ROGER BALDWIN

Teachers and Loyalty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A copy of an editorial in *The Nation*, The Degradation of Teaching, has been sent to me and my attention thus called to it forcibly. In it *The Nation* says, "The reports are secret and go to authorities who have power to revoke teachers' licenses without a hearing." Realizing, as I do, that one of the first aims of *The Nation* is to tell the truth and to do justice to everyone, I feel sure that you will be glad to have me contradict this statement.

Ever since Dr. Ettinger has been Superintendent of Schools, he has insisted that all reports about teachers must be shown to the teacher before sent and a copy given to the teacher. No report ever leaves my school without being shown to the teacher affected. Dr. Ettinger sent a special notice to the school with reference to the Lusk law loyalty report, saying that teachers must have copies of the report. Had this been Dr. Ettinger's first pronouncement of this sort, I might agree with this statement that our school authorities at first intended the report to be a secret one; but Dr. Ettinger has frequently called our attention to the necessity of being just and giving copies of reports to teachers. Whether the special circular had come or not, my teachers would have received a copy of the report.

New York, December 10 KATHERINE D. BLAKE
Principal, Public School 6, Manhattan

[We are indeed glad to publish this assurance that principals in New York city schools will submit no secret reports. But may we point out that we owe this modification in the terrorism set up by the Lusk law and the order issued under it, not to any State officer, but to the superintendent of one city only? We cannot condone evil laws because one administrator robs them of some of their perils.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Walloped Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What a way to conduct a contest for a "poetry prize"! Manuscripts "must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted." Are the judges afraid that if they don't know the name of the contestant they may make a mistake and award a prize to a good poem by a bad poet?

New York, December 7 HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

Books

History Wise and Witty

The Story of Mankind. By Hendrik van Loon. Boni and Liveright. $5.

THERE has just appeared a history for children which is one of the most extraordinary books to see the light in many a day. I refer to "The Story of Mankind" by Hendrik van Loon. This book is the work of a man who knows a great deal of history and understands a great deal more; and he tells the history of the world in a manner that young or old will not soon forget. There is only one word that describes Mr. van Loon's originality, his subtle wisdom, his love and understanding of children, his reduction of complex material to lucid and dramatic simplicity; and that word is genius. His is the genius of a Lewis Carroll, a Jean Henri Fabre.

It is easier to read Mr. van Loon's book than to describe it. The author has taken the hardest not the easiest way to his goal, for he deals primarily with movements and ideas, not with heroes and picturesque incidents. Nevertheless, the book reads like a fascinating story, told by a master story-teller. Knowledge, humor, imagination are brought into play to explain how a medieval commune got its charter, why people once died for their religion as they now die for their country, what the French Revolution did for Europe, why a scientist is a greater hero than a general.

In spite of the fact that all human history is told in about four hundred and fifty pages, there is no skimming of the surface. "Did the country or the person in question produce a new idea or perform an original act without which the history of the entire human race would have been different?" This is the author's test in the selection of material. And on the whole he has succeeded in selecting the most significant events and persons, and these he treats briefly yet comprehensively.

All through the book there runs a rich vein of delightful humor and irony which helps not a little to explain man and his institutions. Here are some choice morsels. "Although he [Napoleon] never learned to spell French correctly or to speak it without a broad Italian accent, he became a Frenchman. In due time he came to stand as the highest expression of all French virtues. At present he is regarded as the symbol of the Gallic genius." Again: "The hours in the factory were limited only by the physical strength of the workers. As long as a woman could sit before her loom, without fainting from fatigue, she was supposed to work. Children of five and six were taken to the cotton mills, to save them from the dangers of the street and a life of idleness." Explaining Metternich's disgust with the French Revolution, he writes: "The whole thing had filled the young Austrian with disgust. It was uncivilized. If there were any fighting to be done it must be done by dashing young men in lovely uniforms, charging across the green fields on well-groomed horses. But to turn an entire country into an evil-smelling armed camp where tramps were overnight promoted to be generals, that was both wicked and senseless." Now and then there is a satiric aside: "During the nineteenth century the Mercantile System was discarded in favor of a system of free and open competition. At least, so I have been told." Every chapter is full of choice morsels.

Quite as delightful as the text are the numerous pictures, drawings, sketches, maps, diagrams, and cartoons, all executed by the author himself. The text and the illustrations are one and inseparable; they illuminate each other and likewise reveal the author's original and almost fantastic personality. Some of the illustrations are combinations of diagram, map, and cartoon, and are excruciatingly funny. A particularly fine picture is one labeled Greece. It represents two columns against a blue background, white, clear, alone, and smiling.

The story of Christianity is told in a curious fashion. In the spirit of Anatole France's Le Procurateur de Judée the author

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gives an imaginary correspondence between two Romans concerning Christ and St. Paul. As there is no indication that these letters are fictitious they will puzzle many readers. This, in my opinion, is not legitimate in a book of history. There is fiction enough in history as it is without deliberately adding to it.

As the author passes from epoch to epoch, from country to country, and from civilization to civilization, he gives his views sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly as *obiter dicta*. These are always distinguished by sound common sense and shrewd insight into human nature. He is especially good in pithy characterization. "Carthage was a plutocracy and the real power of the state lay in the hands of a dozen big ship-owners and mine-owners and merchants, who met in the back room of an office and regarded their common fatherland as a business enterprise which ought to yield them a decent profit." Athens, he writes, resembled "a modern club. All the freeborn citizens were hereditary members, and all the slaves were hereditary servants and waited upon the needs of their masters; and it was very pleasant to be a member of the organization." The people of the Middle Ages were "really barbarians who posed as civilized people." One of the most interesting and entertaining chapters is that on the medieval city. There is an inimitable description of the methods by which a commune got a charter from the lord, and he shows how sword, family, honor, bravery, castles were all powerless before the onslaught of the "ready cash" of the burghers.

The coming of the Age of Expression, as he calls the Renaissance, fills the author with enthusiasm, because "people once more dared to be happy just because they were alive." Savonarola died in vain and Thomas à Kempis lived in vain as the "rear-guards" of the Middle Ages. All their courage, all their sincerity could not save an ideal of life founded on self-repression in an age of self-expression.

Although a Protestant by birth and education and born in the Netherlands, one of the great battle-grounds of that faith, Mr. van Loon is not very enthusiastic over the Protestant Revolution. He is much more an admirer of Erasmus than of Luther. Shortly after Luther's death, "the indifferent joking and laughing world of the Renaissance had been transformed into the arguing, quarreling, back-biting, debating society of the Reformation . . . and Western Europe was turned into a battlefield, where Protestants and Catholics killed each other for the greater glory of certain theological doctrines which are as incomprehensible to the present generation as the mysterious inscriptions of the ancient Etruscans."

It has been Napoleon's fate to be the never-ending theme of moralists. The warning finger will point up to the heights of wickedness and grandeur and then down to the depths of defeat and retribution. Napoleon seems to have been sent into the world for the special purpose of helping out moralists when they are short of themes. Mr. van Loon, who is by temperament an artist, simply refuses to point the moral. After describing the Emperor's selfishness, his egoism, his callousness, he says: "Here I am sitting at a comfortable table . . . and I am telling you that the Emperor Napoleon was a most contemptible person. But should I happen to look out of the window . . . and should I hear the sound of the heavy drums and see the little man on his white horse in his old and much-worn green uniform, then I don't know, but I am afraid that I should leave my books and the kitten and my home and everything else and follow him wherever he cared to lead. My own grandfather did this and Heaven knows he was not born to be a hero. Millions of other people's grandfathers did it. They received no reward, but they expected none. They cheerfully gave legs and arms and lives to serve this foreigner, who took them a thousand miles away from their homes and marched them into a barrage of Russian or English or Spanish or Italian or Austrian cannon and stared quietly into space while they were rolling in the agony of death."

Toward the end of the book there are several interpretative chapters, wise little essays on science, art, and modern progress. Mr. van Loon's explanation of the failure of mankind to solve the great problems of our day is, that while science has completely revolutionized society man still clings to the ideas of long ago. "A Zulu in a frock coat is still a Zulu." This moves him not to despair but to pity and irony. His purpose in writing the history of the world, if he had any conscious purpose, was to show children how wisdom and folly walked hand in hand throughout the ages, and how frequently their elders mistook one for the other. His personality is present on every page of the book, and an engaging personality it is. Charm, kindliness, a rollicking humor have endeared many to this gigantic Dutchman, ambulating through space, with his nose piercing the air, a roll in his eye, and a quirk on his lips. His "Story of Mankind" is a great boon to the public both young and old.

J. Salwyn Schapiro

Concerning General Crozier

Ordnance and the World War. By Major General William Crozier. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

FOR years General Crozier had been presenting to Congress very modest requests for funds which he proposed to expend in providing the army with rifles, powder, guns, and certain other military necessities, the procurement of which was committed by law to the Ordnance Department, and with meager reserve supplies of such matériel. In order that Ordnance officers might learn what these articles cost and what standards might fairly be demanded in their fabrication, while at the same time developing the facilities of private manufacturing establishments to produce them, General Crozier's plan had been to work government arsenals on single eight-hour shifts each twenty-four hours, procuring such matériel as they could not thus produce by contract with private manufacturers. Thus when an emergency might arise he could increase the capacities of the arsenals two- or threefold, while at the same time calling upon private plants for the intensive production of matériel with whose manufacture they were not unfamiliar. If General Crozier's arguments before the Appropriating Committees of Congress had met with reasonable response we should have had more adequate provision of funds before the war than about $10,000,000 annually for the procurement of ordnance of all descriptions; and Congress, fearing private profits, would not have worked the arsenals double shift for many years, thus preventing private manufacturers from gaining experience.

If General Crozier had been listened to when war began Congress would at once have severed the red tape which prevented the reasonable expansion of the clerical departments of offices in the District of Columbia; which prohibited the renting of office room in Washington unless specifically authorized by law; which forbade the construction of buildings of a permanent nature "unless detailed estimates shall have been previously submitted to Congress" or upon land "the title to which shall not have been previously approved by the Attorney General" (a process often requiring several years). These and many other hampering laws, which are more or less endurable, though at great expense, in time of peace, eat out men's souls and threaten disaster when war comes.

General Crozier spent the first six or seven months of the war largely trying to educate Congress in the formulation of war-time appropriation items the details of which they refused to confide to any one but themselves, and making efforts to secure relief legislation which would free the hands of executive officers from hampering laws. The next few months, and the last of his stay at the head of the Ordnance Department, he spent for the most part in patiently explaining to an investigating committee of the Senate why, for example, it was best and in the long run cheapest and quickest to procure rifles for our expanding army which could use United States ammunition and whose parts would be interchangeable; why it was not the

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result of a wicked personal prejudice on his part that he had opposed the introduction of a certain machine-gun which in official tests had proven not the best, but insisted upon the development of the Browning machine-gun and automatic rifle, the best weapons of their respective kinds developed anywhere during the war; and why he insisted upon a large and adequate program for the production of artillery and artillery ammunition, even if the inauguration of such a program might hold back first deliveries and compel us to procure initial supply of artillery matériel abroad, thus incidentally greatly pleasing our Allies, whose munition plants otherwise, at this stage of the war, would not have been profitably occupied.

The powder question was the last straw. In the first month of the war General Crozier requested the Du Pont Company to make a study of greatly increased production and later he submitted a memorandum on the subject to the Secretary of War wherein he recommended that the company be commissioned to design and erect a plant at a cost to the Government of $90,000,000, and thereafter to produce at the new plant 1,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder per day "with a percentage for construction and a fixed sum per pound plus a premium for economy as compensation for manufacture." The Du Pont Company had immeasurably greater experience than any other agency in America for the manufacture of powder. The rate of production proposed, in connection with supplies to be otherwise procured, would still leave the demands of ourselves and our Allies far from satisfied. Neither this recommendation nor a modification of it submitted by General Crozier in a second memorandum was approved by the Secretary of War on the ground apparently of excessive compensation.

Driven well-nigh to desperation by the tremendous and pressing requirements bearing down upon him, General Crozier induced the Du Pont Company to submit a proposition to construct and operate plants of 1,000,000 pounds per day capacity upon terms of compensation to be fixed by arbitration. This offer, although urgently recommended by the War Industries Board, was declined by the Department. The decision at this time not to utilize in war the services of the most highly developed and largest American war industry was almost immediately followed by a severance of General Crozier from his duties as Chief of Ordnance and the commitment to Mr. D. C. Jackling of the task, without compensation, of building and operating new Government powder plants.

Suffice it to say that Mr. Jackling, very soon after commencing a plant at Nitro, West Virginia, of 625,000 pounds per day capacity, found it advisable and was able to secure authority to enlist the services of the Du Pont Company in constructing a plant at Old Hickory, Tennessee, of 900,000 pounds per day capacity. At the time of the armistice 4,533,000 pounds had been manufactured at Nitro and 25,620,000 pounds at Old Hickory.

Experience in the construction of the Old Hickory plant indicated that the plant originally proposed by Crozier could have been built for the sum estimated, $90,000,000, and would have produced 110,000,000 pounds before the armistice. The cost of manufacturing this powder, under the original proposition, including the amortization of the cost of the plant, would have been $1.29 per pound. As it was, however, the cost of the powder manufactured at Nitro and Old Hickory before the armistice, including the amortization of the cost of the plants, was $5.10 per pound, and but 30,000,000 pounds was manufactured instead of 110,000,000 pounds. Incidentally it may be pointed out that the 4,533,000 pounds produced at the Nitro plant cost $12.95 per pound, while the 25,620,000 pounds produced at Old Hickory cost $3.71 per pound.

Republics are proverbially ungrateful, and perhaps the citizens of our own republic will be unwilling to wade through the necessarily dry figures of General Crozier's story merely to form a just opinion of an officer who served them well and who suffered much because so few possessed the knowledge to appreciate him.

X. Y. Z.

The Unity of Homer

The Unity of Homer. By John A. Scott. Sather Classical Lectures. Volume I. University of California Press. $3.25.

THERE is satisfaction about reading a work of scholarship so learned yet so positive as this, so calm yet so exciting. Homer has had few enough really powerful essays written upon him; Mr. Scott's by any criterion is one. It is adequate to Homer not merely because its author has spent a lifetime in the company of that greatest poet, and now gives back the glow; not merely because he is reinforced by faith in the absolute unity of the Iliad and the Odyssey; but also because he is able to write, because he knows how to handle large masses of fact with strength, lucidity, and form.

Mr. Scott believes, in the face of practically all German scholarship between Wolf and Wilamowitz, that the Iliad and the Odyssey are the work of a single poet, and that we have them as they left that poet's hand. His study of the Homeric question was begun some years ago with quite the opposite bias. Orthodoxy then, virtually as now, held that the poems had been put together in different centuries by various hands, and in his first researches Mr. Scott expected to do no more than advance the conventional view. But such results as he got pointed to the unity of Homer. He made further researches and got results that were more convincing. He examined French and German articles long classical in anti-Homer criticism and found them full of errors. He exposed these errors, and receiving no answer searched further on his own account. Certain European scholars, it developed, had anticipated some of his discoveries but had considered that they proved nothing. He considered that they proved the unity of Homer. So his case was built. During the past ten years, American, British, French, and German scholarship has tended to desert the extreme position represented by Wilamowitz. Mr. Scott strikes ably out to desert the position altogether. Half of his book is negative argument and half is positive. In the first five chapters he answers the established objections; in the last three he goes to the poems themselves for evidence of their single inspiration and technique. No detailed report of either portion can be given here, though the conclusions can be enumerated. The theory that the ancient Greeks used the word Homer vaguely to cover the authorship of an immense popular epic cycle in which the Iliad and the Odyssey were but a couple of separate items is found to have no shred of support in the only place where it could have any support at all, the writings of the ancient Greeks. The two contentions of Wolf, first that poems of such length could never among the early Greeks have been composed as wholes, and second that as they stand they are the work of Athenian compilers under Peisistratus, are demonstrated to be innocent of evidence either ancient or modern. Linguistic data, and here Mr. Scott perhaps is most at home, are made to prove, not indeed that the Iliad and the Odyssey must have been composed a century or two centuries apart, but that they could have been composed easily within the limits of a life-time, and if necessary simultaneously. Assumptions of divergences in geography, topography, chronology, and customs are shown on the authority of competent geographers, astronomers, and anthropologists to be only assumptions. Inconsistencies in the narratives are explained away by claiming for Homer the right occasionally to nod and the right always to be effective, by adducing known conditions of poetical delivery in the tenth and ninth centuries, and by pointing out that the text of Homer has often been unimaginatively or incorrectly read. Coming finally to the poems themselves and studying the characterization of their gods and heroes, Mr. Scott finds himself unable to believe, as Goethe, Schiller, Shelley, and Matthew Arnold were unable to believe, and as the reviewer is unable to believe, either that more than one genius ever worked upon them or that there ever existed another genius with the capacity to do such work.

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In short: "Everything fits into the theory of a single Homer: the civilization, the language, the gods, the outlines, the marks of genius; and all these are supported by the unanimous verdict of the best poets and the greatest critics of twenty-five hundred years. The evidence for the unity of the Iliad and the Odyssey is so strong that we should be compelled to postulate a single Homer even if ancient Greece had believed in many. But antiquity was united in the belief of one divine Homer, and only one." D. M.

Limpid Depths

The Second Person Singular and Other Essays. By Alice Meynell. Oxford University Press.

AT the instance of the Oxford University Press Mrs. Meynell consented that this selection be made from such of her literary essays as have not hitherto appeared in book form; for the actual selection she is not, I understand, herself responsible. The studies chosen differ from one another in length, though none is long, and in depth, though none is shallow. The reader who comes to the book already aware of Mrs. Meynell's high stylistic excellences will turn at once to the essay from which the collection derives its title. In it she pleads for a restoration of the neglected "thou" and "thee" to something of their former general use, and yet at the same time she recognizes the advantage which the English language possesses over the French in that for high purposes it can delve into a treasure-house of "sequestered poetic and religious language" whereas in French the same common and entire tongue must do service at once for poetry and religion and for commerce and the other ordinary affairs of life. With this essay may be considered that on A Corrupt Following which, though dispassionate in tone, is an acute and drastic criticism of the faults and slovenlinesses in Gibbon's style. "The dregs of his style have encumbered the nation. Changes that have been ascribed to Johnson were his doing and not Johnson's." This she proves abundantly. She endeavors to do justice to "the nobler habits of this language," but she does not love Gibbon—why should she? And this gentle essayist has a refreshing dislike for Jane Austen. Genius such as Miss Austen's inflicts this penalty upon itself, that even those who find delight in her books can listen to detraction without indignation. Many people fear her; some admire her; few are disposed to champion her. There is humor and satire, no less excellent for being well curbed, in Mrs. Meynell's picture of Miss Austen's "unheavenly world" of gossip and triviality and sexless men and "consequence."

The studies of Meredith and of Patmore will not meet with general approbation, for Patmore long since entered, and Meredith is now entering, upon the period of detraction through which posthumous fame must pass before a final estimate is reached. The essay on the Venetian dramatist Gallina resolves itself into a consideration of the vividness and homeliness of the Italian dialects with which Mrs. Meynell was familiar in her youth. Similarly, memories of childhood draw her toward French as the language for the poetry of childhood, especially of course in the pages of Victor Hugo. She is attracted sympathetically to certain "minor poets" from whose verse she contrives to extract the fine essence, the faint fragrance, that keeps it from fading altogether out of memory. The light, cool, English simplicity of Robert Greene; the "resolute pathos" of Beddoes, whose lyrics of death "are rather German than magical" (an admirable antithesis); the flashes of ancient rhythms which Darley too often contaminated with modern vulgarity; the manliness that ever and anon checks the hysterics of Sidney Dobell: these and other such matters are touched on deftly.

These essays are attempts to affix their proper value to various, generally neglected works of art. For the most part the soul of this critic adventures among the *petits maîtres*, not because of incapacity to appraise greater things but with the desire, like Lamb's, to do justice to hidden merit. There is no blare of denunciation or of praise. There is no cant about "critical theory." But the thinking is compact, the expression confidently expert, the writing (as Meredith said long ago of another volume of her essays) "lucid in its depths." The voice is small and softly-modulated, but it speaks with authority to those who, turning from the babble and the roar, pause to listen.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Little Journeys

A Traveller in Little Things. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

THIS is one of those excellent books about which there is little to say critically, because its quality is like the charm of upland pasture or the odor of an April wind, better described than analyzed. There are brief pieces, sketches of passing experience, memories worked out in words, contrasts; and there is no structure of romance in this book, as in "Green Mansions," nor a portrait of an environment, as in "The Purple Land." It is decidedly not a book with which to begin an acquaintance with Mr. Hudson's calm, rich prose, or his power to fix the mood engendered by the *genius loci*. But it is a good book for lovers of Hudson, precisely because it is fragmentary and various, a notebook, really, of a personality long since matured, and now beginning to settle accounts with literature.

Mr. Hudson's now well-recognized position among the masters of English prose has been won by a style of remarkable purity and simplicity. Behind this style is no urgent interpretation of life, like that of Thomas Hardy, whom he much resembles in his passion for unstandardized human nature, nor any great gifts of dramatic portrayal. This man learned on the pampas to meditate on things as they were, to suck the essence out of a slight experience because it was sad or sweet, to key his own being carefully and sympathetically to the great plains, a lost child, two brothers, a weary woman, a bird. The result is not good writing about little; it is good writing which reveals the significance even of the least. It is what Wordsworth attempted in his earliest poems; and if a minor art when compared with that of the great novelist or dramatist or poet, it has the advantage of simplicity of aim. This book, for example, is full of elements of stories—characters, episodes, scenes, situations, which, just because they are left uncombined, or undeveloped, have a completeness which they could never possess as steps in a story. The writer has been absorbed with what he has felt or seen; he has not tried to drag it into line with a plot or an argument. Therefore such sketches as The Two White Houses, The Samphire Gatherer, Little Girls I Have Met, A Little Girl Lost, In Chitterne Churchyard, The Return of the Chiff-Chaff are more than sketches; they are excellent literature. Like Thoreau's writing, or Gilbert White's, or (in a very different *genre*) Steele's and Addison's, there is here something very perfect, completely fused with the personality of the writer, and excellently expressed. Upon such writing the intangible halo of style has often descended, and one sees it often, making little things ponderable, and quiet and simple writing a very great delight.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Drama

Year's End

IT was a foregone conclusion that Theodore Dreiser's "The Hand of the Potter" which has been available in published form for some years would never reach even the best of the commercial stages. Its production by the Provincetown Players is a courageous and admirable act. Their audience, too, could not wholly liberate itself from the impression that it was witnessing a purposeless display of mere pain and failed to rise from an immediate vision of the protagonist's depravity to the

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height of the tragic idea which he represents. Yet nothing is more remarkable than the way in which Theodore Dreiser, who is neither a man of the theater nor a learned man, penetrated by the sheer closeness of his relation to life to the last necessities of a tragic action in such a world as we perceive. He substitutes the concept of tragic guilt for that of sin; he sees that guilt arises out of the life-process itself and selects its guilty but sinless victim; he sees, finally, that we have "the most perfect dramatic picture of life when the protagonist sustains to the other characters the same relation which that fate wherewith he struggles sustains to him." Mr. Dreiser, we may be sure, never read this profound observation of Hebbel. He made it for himself. He alienates the ordinary spectator by repudiating the notions of sin and expiation through punishment. It is Isadore Berchansky's undeserved punishment that he is what he is. The tragic guilt that he must bear issues from implacable and anterior sources. Why should we strike at him because the hand of the potter slipped?

It is curious and discouraging to observe how even liberal-minded and cultivated people struggle to exclude this unescapable conception of tragedy from their consciousness. It invalidates their absolute moral judgments; it cracks the foundations of their punitive justice; it shows up the blank folly of hate, war, revenge. It leaves these things not even an agreeable sting of wickedness. It makes them absurd and contemptible. It is so easy and final and virile to electrocute the Isadore Berchanskys of the world. It is supremely difficult to understand and compassionate and cure. Yes, the conception we have of tragedy cuts deep into the practice of life. The average citizen has a tough instinct that warns him against admitting that "The Hand of the Potter" is anything but a drab, ugly, depressing, unnecessary play.

The acting at the Provincetown Playhouse is full of negligible faults and full of natural beauty and power. I do not know what training or experience these obscure players have had. It is certain that Nathaniel Freyer's outburst of paternal passion and wrath has a touch of the terrible that is eternal; that Dosha Rubinstein in the courtroom scene conveys a sense of the sorrowful mother of all time; that the profile of L. J. Adler in the last act is the profile of Judas; that J. Paul Jones attacks the staggering difficulties of the central role with intelligence, flexiblity, and a fine reserve. Nothing more austere and moving at once has been seen on our stage.

To pass from "The Hand of the Potter" to Miss Zoë Akins's "The Varying Shore" (Hudson Theater) is to exchange granite for near-silk, earth for sawdust, and flesh for flounces. Miss Akins is cultivating a dangerous theatric virtuosity. She gives us glib bits of decoration of a pleasing quaintness and passes over all essential dramatic qualities with an agile hand. Her Julie Venable is a wronged woman. Miss Akins insists, indeed, that Julie is more sinned against than sinning. She insists, too, that Julie is a woman of keen and eager intelligence. Julie becomes old, and gay, and wise. But her wisdom never once penetrated to a criticism of the social compacts under which she was originally condemned and sinned against and made an outcast. Miss Akins is careful to preserve Julie's ladylikeness at any cost, to stop at a superficial discussion "of the relations of men to moral concepts," to quote Hebbel once more, and never permits Julie to debate the "validity of those very concepts." So we have the curious and, from the popular point of view, pathetic spectacle of Julie agreeing with those who condemn and pursue her. But if she agreed with the social law that judged her, why didn't she repent and reform? Because although Miss Akins dared not be veracious neither did she want to be primitive. She uses as much sophistication as the fashionable public likes and relies for the rest upon picturesqueness and Miss Elsie Ferguson's melancholy charm of speech and manner. A thoroughly respectable rumor has it that Miss Akins recognizes "The Varying Shore" as "a bit of hokum." That half-humorous excuse is worse than none. Only such poverty as hurts has the right to plead it. From the playwright who wrote "Papa" and the first two acts of "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" we have the right to exact at least honest work.

Other productions deserve a word only. Miss Grace Unger's "The Fair Circassian" (Republic Theater) is built around a satiric idea of quite Shavian pungency. But the execution of the piece is so hopelessly feeble that it took the utmost patience to wait for the expression of the idea involved. "Bought and Paid For" (The Playhouse) and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" (Gaiety Theater) are revivals of plays which, ten years ago, pleased by their superficial touches of verisimilitude. The shipping-clerk in the former is still a bit of good humorous portraiture. Both plays deal with the reformation of the vicious through romantic love; both assume what metaphysicians call "freedom of indifference" and substitute for the real moral world one of gilt tinsel and colored cardboard.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1921 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, November 25, and not later than Saturday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 8, 1922.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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International Relations Section

Japan's "Vested Interests"—The Crux of the Conference

By CHARLES HODGES

IN any consideration of the special rights and prerogatives, known to diplomats as "vested interests," of the Western Powers, the fact to be noted is the decline of openly aggressive policies in relation to China. After the famous "Battle of Concessions" which closed the last decade of the nineteenth century the various parties thereto settled down to a consolidation of their holdings and a defense of their political priority, and except for the Russian advance from the north Europe played a more passive role. There was a perceptible modification of purpose; the break-up of China, due to the shift in politics, was no longer desirable for most of the Powers who, changing their instruments of diplomacy, now found the preservation of the shell of China's "sovereignty" probably less costly than a partition of Chinese dominions. At bottom it was a shift from the more obvious to less apparent methods of semi-monopolistic control. Bankers, business men, and engineers superseded, nominally, the foreign officers, legations, and military authorities as the first line of the West's offensive. Sapping by bank finance and railroad politics promised to deliver the same returns with a lower "overhead" of friction—both among the rival Powers and in China itself.

Among the other factors in the realignment taking place in the East was the emergence of an Asiatic Power at the very threshold of transpacific opportunity. The escape of Japan from the encircling dominion of the West in the eighties and nineties was immediately followed by so effective a bid for world position that the past twenty years have entirely changed the terms of the game in this quarter of the world. In the ten years between 1895 and 1905 Japan was able to bring home to the Western world the hard fact that the path of empire in the East no longer was indisputably a highway to aggrandizement for competing European nations; and the period of the Great War made it clear that the course of events in the Pacific East was not to be dictated by Europe alone. Japan has completely upset the balance of power, which, but for the World War, would have worked by reason of the European predominance to restrict Japanese activities to a clearly defined field.

What statesmanship dubs the "Japanese problem" naturally falls into three parts. There is (1) the opening phase with the consolidation of the insular position of the Japanese Empire, ending with the Chino-Japanese War of 1894-95; (2) the acquisition of a continental foothold, partly by indirect title and part in fee simple; and (3) the intensive industrialization of Japan proper, giving her the means to apply the well-tried formulas of the Western Powers to the accumulation of titles to strategic vested interests throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific East. The last comer, historically speaking, Japan was eventually the first to be viewed in the East with general suspicion by the Western world, apprehensive at this adaptation of Old World politics as a counter to its own imperialism. The actions of the Japanese Empire were more than closely scrutinized as much by reason of this fact as because Japan represented the uncertain quantity of the first non-European Power to figure in modern developments.

I. The Insular Domination of Japan

A. Her Strategic Position

The effects of the Great War upon sea-power make the Pacific position of Japan, with her island mandates reaching to the Equator, a factor of greater consequence than ever before.

Japan proper, a compact archipelago controlling these Pacific approaches to Asia, forms just under 54 per cent of the total area included in the dominions of the Mikado. On this extent of 142,000 square miles, one-twentieth that of the United States, there are some 56,600,000 people—the density of Japan's population is thus ten times that of the United States on the average, and it approximates the most heavily peopled parts of Europe. The habitable area of this insular backbone of the Japanese Empire is placed at about 19 per cent of the total surface, as compared with 74 per cent of Belgium or 65 per cent of Germany.

To this should be added the fact that the Japanese population has expanded with the astounding rapidity characteristic of other countries passing through a period of industrialization. There is, however, every indication that the peak of the accelerated natural increase has been reached, with a decline beginning to register; the birth-rate per 1,000 of population has fallen from 14.78 for the period of 1909-1913 to 12.06 for 1914-1918. Yet this human tide, averaging a 600,000 increase every year, rose rapidly enough to make Japan no longer self-sufficing. The lost balance between subsistence and population, with the growing need of importing staple foodstuffs in increasing quantities, beyond doubt has affected Japanese foreign relations.

That this apprehension on the part of Japanese statesmen—reflected in policies which are today Japan's greatest liabilities—has not been borne out entirely by the facts of the situation means little. Japan has been moved with far-reaching effects by the attitude of her leaders toward the situation, and that attitude has been little influenced by a consideration of Japan's existing possibilities, such as the unpopular colonization of the sparsely settled northernmost Island of Hokkaido; the slow emigration to Korea; the futile efforts to expand westward in the face of competition from China's lower standards of living; the saturation-point not reached universally in Japan proper, with 48 per cent of the total area forest clad and a large part of the balance crown lands still indefinitely closed to occupation.

Insular Appendages: North of the four main islands is the Chishima or Kurile Group terminating just below the Kamchatka Peninsula and demarcating the Russian interests bordering the Sea of Okhotsk from the Pacific. They comprise 6,000 square miles, almost 12 per cent of the empire. In a like position to the south is the Riu-kiu Archipelago with 941 square miles, stretching the littoral of East Asia toward Formosa. Those to the north were secured in 1875 by agreement with Russia after almost

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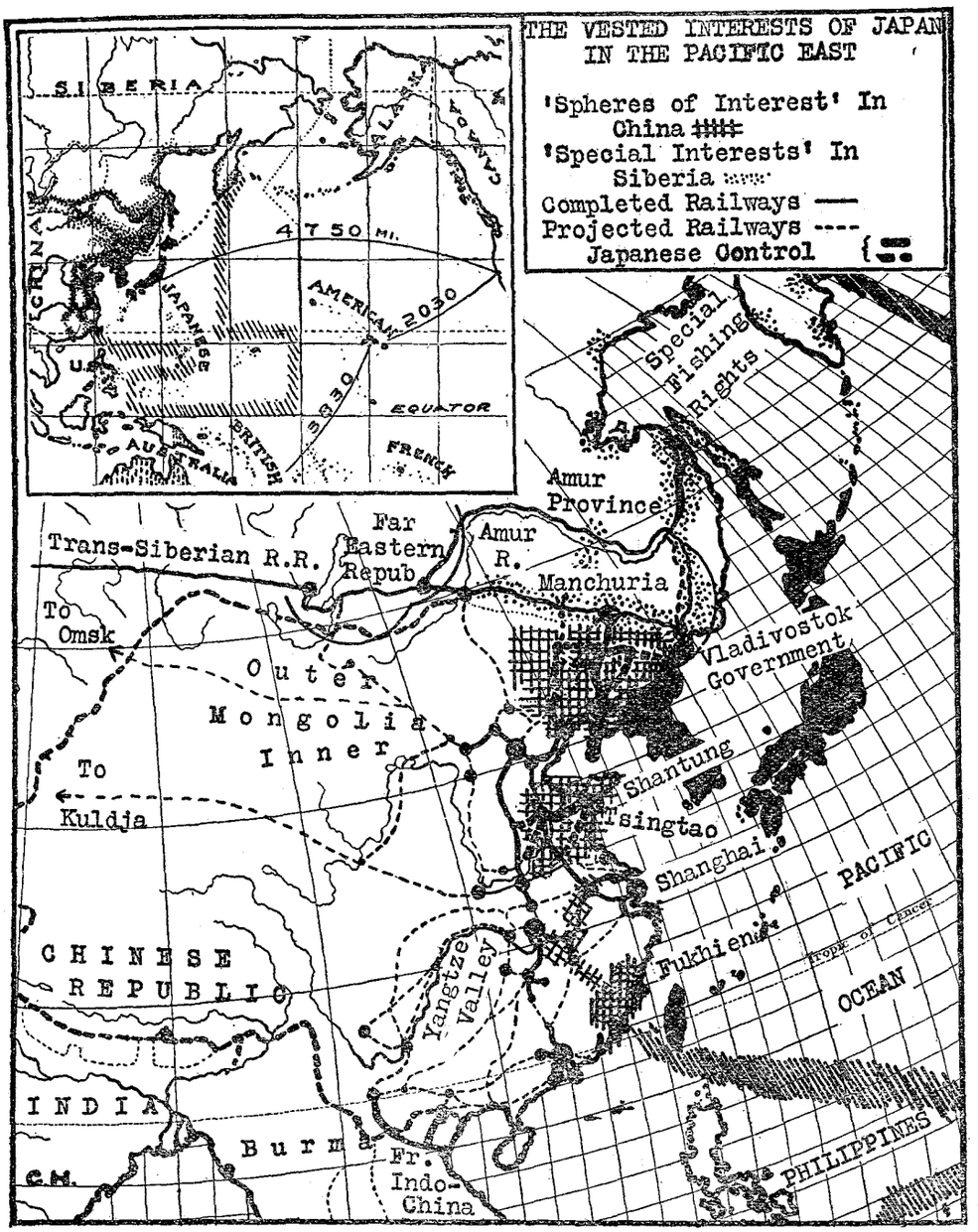

seventy-five years of disputed ownership; while the latter were brought under Japanese overlordship early in the duel between China and Japan which culminated in the Chino-Japanese War of 1894.

Thus Japan acquired her first dependency, Formosa, the subsequent basis for her interests in South China, comprising almost 6 per cent of the Japanese Empire and including 13,900 square miles, besides the Hokoto or Pescadores. Thanks to the heavy indemnity given Japan, increased by China because Japan was forced by the objections of Russia, abetted by France and Germany, to relinquish her coveted acquisition of Port Arthur and the Kwantung Peninsula, the Japanese makers of empire were able to place the country in a position to meet the coming struggle with Russia.[1]

The Russo-Japanese War, terminated by the Treaty of Portsmouth through the good offices of the United States in 1905,[2] gave to Japan a continental foothold and marked the second phase in the building up of modern Japanese power. The ousting of Russia from South Manchuria not only gave over to Japan the Russian-controlled railways, garrisoned zones, and developmental privileges—coming to cover eventually the larger part of Manchuria's 363,000 square miles and the destinies of 15,000,000 Chinese subjects; Japan at last secured the southern half of the Island of Sakhalin, consisting of some 13,000 square miles—an addition of over 5 per cent to the Japanese Empire—and ousted Russian influence from Korea.

Korea, or Chosen, thus came under Japanese control just as it had previously passed from Chinese to Russian. The ousting of Russian interests, brought about by Japan's success in the Russo-Japan War ten years later, definitely forecast the absorption of that unhappy buffer state in 1910; its annexation added 84,000 square miles, or a third of present-day Japan, to the Empire; together with its population of 20,000,000 Koreans.

B. The Continental Effects

Up to the transitional period of 1905-1910, Japan was primarily important by reason of her position as a sea Power. Her whole policy had been to command the insular approaches to the Far East, defending herself as best she could against a weak China and an aggressive Russia.

The Russo-Japanese War changed all this, as Japanese statesmanship soon revealed, because it transformed Japan into a continental Power possessing political as well as vital economic stakes in East Asia. Opening up a new vision of empire, it added to the vicious circle of the industrial Powers that surrounded hapless China a competitor closest to the scene of operations who had least to lose and most to gain by exploiting to the full the political and economic opportunities.

Summarily, under the rule of the Emperor Meiji, during the "Era of Great Enlightenment," Japan was expanded territorially 75 per cent, until the Japanese Empire stretched from the western limits of the Bering Sea to the threshold of the Pacific Tropics; until westward it penetrated into the heart of Northeast Asia itself, and commanded the China littoral from the Gulf of Pechili to the South China Sea.

[The extension of Japan's control, military and economic, along the Trans-Siberian Railway and throughout the Maritime Provinces, its occupation of the northern half of the Island of Sakhalin, and its interference with the Far Eastern Republic have been described in the following recent issues of *The Nation:* October 5, 26; November 23.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

[1] J. V. A. MacMurray, "Treaties and Agreements with and Concerning China," 1895/3, ff.
[2] *Supra*, 1905/8.

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II. Japanese Vested Interests in China

By reason of the concentration of Japanese activity mainly in one part of the East, Japan has secured title of one kind or another to (a) leaseholds and "spheres of interest," (b) communications, (c) resources, and (d) special political interests in China which have more and more heavily involved her with the Chinese and with the Western Powers.

A. Special Territorial Position

Sphere of Interest in Fukhien: Although Japan was obliged by the intervention of Russia, Germany, and France to retrocede Port Arthur following the war of 1895, China's defeat was the signal for the general partition of the Middle Kingdom into spheres which speedily demonstrated the motives back of the advice given by the three Powers. To protect herself, Japan shared in the general scramble to the extent of exacting from China a pledge patterned after the French and British precedents providing for the non-alienation of the Province of Fukhien, lying opposite her newly acquired dependency of Formosa.[3]

Special Position in Manchuria: The Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905 resulted in Japan's succeeding to all Russian rights and interests in South Manchuria, i.e., by the Treaty of Portsmouth Russia turned over to Japan such title as she had secured from China in the "Battle of Concessions" in 1897 and 1898 to the Leasehold of Port Arthur for the remainder of the twenty-five-year term as of 1898; that portion of the Chinese Eastern Railway (Trans-Siberian subsidiary) south of Changchun, the South Manchurian Railway, subject to the original repurchase period of thirty-six years from 1902; and mining rights appertaining thereto, together with a special administrative position regarding the railway zone.[4] This was supplemented by the Treaty of 1905 with China, by which Japan secured China's assent to those provisions of the peace, and also gained permission from China to make permanent the Antung-Mukden Railway, the same to revert to China without compensation at the end of 99 years; secured the opening of sixteen Manchurian cities; and concluded the "Secret Protocols" paving the way for the consolidation of Japan's position subsequently.[5] This position was confirmed and strengthened by the demands of 1915, discussed in the next section, and the question has been reopened by China at the Washington Conference.

Occupation of the Kiaochow Leasehold: Just as Japanese diplomacy had squared accounts with the Russians for their interference regarding Port Arthur at the conclusion of the Chino-Japanese War, so the Great War offered the opportunity to eliminate Germany from her leasehold of Kiaochow in Shantung, just across the Gulf of Pechili from South Manchuria. Reduced in the fall of 1914 by the joint expedition of Japanese and British forces, Japan at once entered into occupation of the conquered German rights and interests, including public works such as the Port of Tsingtao, government property comprised in the Leasehold of Kiaochow, etc., as well as private German property such as was invested in the Tsinan-Tsingtao Railway and the mines. Japan has remained in *de-facto* control, subject to change effected by the protested Treaties of 1915 with China and those provisions of the Treaty of Versailles to which China has taken exception, down to the present time.

[3] J. V. A. MacMurray, *op. cit.*, 1898/8. (April 26, 1898.)
[4] J. V. A. MacMurray, *op. cit.*, 1905/8.
[5] *Ibid.*, 1905/18 (together with summary of the Dec. 22, 1905, "Protocols").

B. Diplomatic Position Resulting from the Twenty-one Demands and the Treaties of 1915

In the opening of 1915 difficulties with China over the occupation of Kiaochow precipitated the Twenty-one Demands made by Japan on Peking under cover of the Great War. Every effort was made to keep secret the terms in those five groups of demands which the Okuma Government in Tokio, inspired by Baron Kato, regarded as necessary to clear the way for the forward policy of Japan. Not only was the Chinese Foreign Office ignored by the Japanese Minister, who presented them direct to President Yuan Shih-k'ai; none of the Powers were given an inkling of the step; even Japan's ally, Britain, was kept in ignorance of the notorious Group V demands when complete secrecy no longer was possible.

In brief, these comprehensive demands aimed to establish Japan indefinitely in Manchuria, Shantung, Eastern Inner Mongolia, the lower Yangtze Valley, and Fukhien, with the far-reaching fifth section withheld from the Powers implying a Japanese protectorate. Negotiations began shortly after their presentation January 18, 1915, and continued through the spring to the ultimatum of May 7, 1915. China signed under protest eighteen days later, the related treaties and exchanges of notes covering:

1. The reversion of German interests in Shantung to Japan; the granting to Japan of the right to finance future railway developments; and the opening of stipulated places to foreign trade; together with a declaration as to the non-alienation of territory.

2. Japanese rights acquired from Russia in South Manchuria extended to include a 99-year lease of the railway; the granting of special commercial rights to Japanese subjects; a similar privileged position in Eastern Inner Mongolia; cancelation of China's right to repurchase the South Manchurian Railway; extension of the lease of Port Arthur to 1997 (instead of expiring in 1923) and the Antung-Mukden Railway to A. D. 2007; preferential position regarding the development of Eastern Inner Mongolia and certain Manchurian lines.

3. Japan secures protection of her control of the Hanyehping Iron Company and its resources, dominating the Central China iron industry.

4. Special position in Fukhien reaffirmed.

5. Group V, covering the employment of advisers in all branches of administration, joint local policing in certain localities, Japanese religious-educational privileges, Japanese supply of "a certain quantity of arms" or joint production in China under Japanese direction with Japanese materials, railway rights in British Yangtze Valley sphere, and missionary rights to Japanese subjects, was temporarily withdrawn—except for the question of Fukhien—and held over for "future discussion."

The negotiation of the May treaties at once drew from the United States, alone of all the Powers, a statement on May 13, refusing to recognize any impairment of its rights or of "the political or territorial integrity of the Republic of China, or the international policy relative to China commonly known as the Open Door."

C. General Rights and Interests

Like the rest of the Powers, Japan has built up a series of administrative interests in China, such as ministerial advisers, her pro rata of personnel in the customs and other services, and, similar matters. In exterritorial questions, however, Japan has generally gone considerably farther than the majority of nations. This is notable in the case of wireless stations such as the radio maintained at Han-

[*Continued on page 768*]

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kow, the network of Japanese postal agencies covering China, the policing of communications, and the protection of subjects.

In the development of economic priorities, the Japanese have been especially active during the Great War and the years following. This has in part been the natural result of the accumulation in Japan of a surplus of capital for export; but the overwhelming activity has been primarily political in purport—notably the Nishihara loans of 1917-1918, which formed a significant part of the Terauchi Ministry's efforts to recoup Japanese interests in China, suffering from the 1915 Demands of the Okuma Cabinet, by buying into control of strategic Chinese resources and concessions. The total of these loans probably runs close to half a billion yen but the advances made against this aggregate figure amount to under 200,000,000.

Japanese business and finance, notwithstanding Chinese opposition and foreign competition, has placed itself in an unshakable position regarding Chinese development outside the scope of the new Consortium, which is designed to control future government loans and railway expansion without regard to previous concessions or special spheres of interest or influence.

III. Communities of Interest

Any consideration of the position of Japan must take into account four factors involving "communities of interest" developed by Japanese initiative. These may be summed up as:

(*A*) *The Anglo-Japanese Alliance*, first signed in 1902 as an essentially defensive measure against Russia's forward policy alike menacing the interests of Japan and Britain; renewed in 1905 in its second form to meet general Asiatic conditions with the object of assuring the *status quo;* and modified in 1911, chiefly to prevent British embarrassment because of the growing Japanese-American friction.

(*B*) *The Russo-Japanese Agreements of 1907, 1910, 1912, and 1916*, plus the all-important secret treaties appended to them and made while the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was in full force. Built up through the good offices of France, with whom an accord was reached by Japan after the Russo-Japanese War in 1907, these agreements steadily developed a special understanding between Russia and Japan as to their respective interests and the actions of third parties.

(*C*) *The Secret Treaties of 1917*, by which Japan engaged the Allied Powers to support her Pacific-Eastern claims at the Peace Conference, negotiated prior to the entrance into the Great War of China and the United States.

(*D*) *The Secret Treaties with China*, especially those of 1918 growing out of the Inter-Allied intervention in Siberia, by which China was bound to Japan in operations which ensued.

While the steps now being taken at the Washington Conference, especially as represented in the Four-Power Pact, are presumed to be capable of reconciling such divergent interests as the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and, let us say, the Japanese-American paper declarations such as the Root-Takahira and Ishii-Lansing understandings, these communities of interest between Japan and the Powers and China cannot be dismissed as yet. Only the future can determine their effects on the destinies of continental Asia.

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A German Appeal to Garvey

THE *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* (Munich) for November 25, 1921, publishes the following open letter to Marcus Garvey from the German Emergency League against the Black Horror, with a prefatory note explaining that Garvey, as president of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, had protested to the Washington Conference in the name of 400,000 Negroes that they had not been consulted in the composition of the Treaty of Versailles or in the partition of Africa.

MR. PRESIDENT: The German Emergency League against the Black Horror, of Munich, heard of your telegram to the Inter-Allied Disarmament Conference at Washington with great sympathy.

The occupation of German territory by colored troops has filled us with intense aversion, and by this aversion we can measure the feeling of your race in its struggle for independence. As every foreigner who visits Germany with open eyes and who respects the truth can tell you, our country has been so disarmed and weakened that a small part of the white French troops would be sufficient adequately to occupy all Germany. France has no need of her colored regiments to occupy the small province of the Rhineland, and the force used to compel colored Frenchmen to pass many years in a strange country is justified by no military necessity. It is a consequence of the unlimited French thirst for revenge against Germany, and of the ungrounded—and in view of French pride, curious—fear of disarmed Germany; it represents also the French desire to weaken the colored peoples of Africa and Asia by destruction of their best men.

The principle of self-determination was trodden underfoot in the so-called Peace Treaty of Versailles, for Europe as well as for Asia and Africa. Therefore this treaty cannot possibly achieve the peace for which the world so passionately longs. And the Washington Conference will be just as fruitless if it takes no account of the wishes of the peoples. Many thousands of your colored brothers are today maintained under the flag as slaves of the white Frenchmen in Germany and in other countries far from their homes, and are badly mistreated. Many thousands are carried away by disease, and these sons of distant regions threaten us too with terrible diseases whose names we hardly know. Countless colored men will annually be conscripted into the French army in the future by laws which were made in 1919 without their assent and even without their knowledge, in order to serve the white Frenchmen as cannon-fodder in case of need on some battlefield of the future in some distant part of the world. The Treaty of Versailles legislated for millions of your brothers without hearing them and without respecting the most elementary principle of the right of self-determination. The outlook for the Washington Conference to do otherwise is as empty. Nevertheless we congratulate you upon your brave action and would like to direct your particular attention to the black shame of France, to the fact that a heavily armed white people enslaves men of another color and sends them by thousands to the continent of Europe which is so fatal to children of a hot climate. The right of the peoples to self-determination is the only possible guaranty of peace for future generations.

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